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THE FINANCIAL AGREEMENT.

THE fact that the provisions of the international agreement on the financial affairs of Egypt have long been known informally does not diminish their importance now that they are officially published and about to be illustrated by diplomatic correspondence and discussed in formal debate. The somewhat unintelligible delay which has marked the whole transaction seems to have characterized it in its latest phases. After all these months, the signature of Turkey has had to be "taken as given," and, though Parliament is to be asked to give the national guarantee to a loan of nine millions next week, the full documentary evidence on the subject is not yet in the hands of members. Mr. CHILDERS on Wednesday stated nothing more than has been known for a considerable time, though he stated it as a Minister, and thereby enabled it to be discussed. The loan of nine millions is to be guaranteed by the Powers jointly and severally, but with an understanding that the joint guarantee does not give a right of internal interference. A fixed sum is to be allowed for normal expenditure during two years. Foreigners are to be taxed, and a deduction is to be made of five per cent. from the interest of the debt, of ten per cent. on the English Canal shares, while the expense of the army of occupation is to be fixed at a merely nominal sum. If at the end of the two years the aid of reduction in interest is still required, an International Commission is to sit on the whole question; and meanwhile the actual revenue and expenditure are to be strictly overhauled by England. But the sitting of the International Commission at the end of the time is compulsory unless revenue and expenditure can be made to meet without the five per cent. deduction from the coupon.

Every person of intelligence sees, of course, that there are but two points of real importance in this agreement; and every person of candour will confess that the settlement on these two points is unfavourable to England. First, why the substitution (Mr. CHILDERS admits the substitution, though the mysterious NORTHBROOK scheme has never been officially promulgated) of an international for an English guarantee? It is granted, of course, that the security is not increased in value by such a change. The several liability of this country is the highest security of the kind that can be given, and the additional names on the bill are either otiose or simply diminish the value. It is as if some one who had Messrs. ROTHSCHILD'S bond should say that he would feel more comfortable if the pawnbroker round the corner would add his name to theirs. The bondholder therefore gains nothing. On the other hand, only a child or a man with a very silly notion of a joke can represent the Powers of Europe as anxious to incur a pecuniary liability for no consideration. What is the consideration? There is none possible except the very consideration which Mr. CHILDERS states to be barred by understanding—that is to say, the right or opportunity or chance of meddling in the internal affairs of Egypt. But, according to Mr. CHILDERS and the Ministerialists, a purely financial guarantee gives no such right or chance or opportunity. It will hardly be denied that a purely financial guarantee gives more right and an infinitely greater opportunity of interference than no guarantee at all; and yet during the past year or two, when there has been no guarantee at all, we have found the representatives of foreign Powers sufficiently troublesome in Egypt. The filial piety of Mr. MICKY FREE, it may be remembered, re-

frained from paying for masses for his father's soul when the priest had incautiously informed him that Mr. FREE, senior, had one shoulder out of the door of Purgatory. His knowledge of the paternal character enabled him to assert that with this vantage it was excessively unlikely that the rest of the body would be long in prison. Students of the action of Germany, Russia, and, above all, France, in Egypt during the English occupation may apply this little story of LEVER'S with considerable advantage to present circumstances.

But the international guarantee, which, if it does not mean international interference, is simply unmeaning, is not alone. It is accompanied by the promise or threat of an International Commission in two years' time if England does not succeed in establishing an equilibrium, which, it is well known, the best and most capable authorities regard as, on the terms, impossible. The conditions would be hard enough of themselves; but, like all such conditions, they tend to grow harder of their own motion. The provisional character thus disastrously stamped once more on English action in Egypt is certain to help in defeating that action. And what makes this more certain is the fact, persistently ignored by Ministers and Ministerial apologists, that the distinction between financial and administrative, illusory always and everywhere, is more illusory in Egypt than anywhere else in the world. Properly speaking, Egypt is not a country, it is an estate. The people are not so much subjects or citizens as tenants or labourers; the business of the State is, by far the larger part of it, merely the business of a great landholding, manufacturing, debt-collecting firm. It may be very improper and very horrible to political doctrinaires that this should be so; we ourselves do not regard the status as one by any means creditable to the native princes who have mainly, and the foreign nations who have partially, brought it about. But it is so, and England is, as it happens, less responsible than some other Powers for the fact. Egypt is "a tenement or pelting farm," and it will take very careful management for a great many years before she can be anything else. She ought to have no foreign policy; her internal police ought, but for foreign intrigue, to be manageable with great ease and cheapness; her social and political institutions are of the greatest simplicity, and need no elaborate departments or bureaux to direct them. The government of Egypt means the direction of Egyptian finances, and to talk about the separation of the two argues either deplorable ignorance or very discreditable audacity. Thanks to the mismanagement of the present Government, a hold which will pretty certainly prove to be a very firm hold has been established by the Continental Powers on Egyptian finance; and if finance and revenue be cut out of Egyptian business, it would be very interesting to know what is left behind.

Therefore it is that the financial agreement now submitted to Parliament is in effect a surrender of all the rights which England has won by diplomacy in former years, and by the great efforts and losses of the immediate past, the present, and, it is to be feared, the future. England supplies the real guarantee for the new loan; she submits to being taxed double the amount to which any other creditor of Egypt is taxed, in the way of extraordinary aid; she accepts, for the task of policing Egypt internally, and defending it externally, a sum so inadequate that it would be more dignified to forego it altogether; she makes no claim to reimbursement of the great cost, to compensation for the

lamentable losses which she has incurred during the last three years. And after all this she accepts a troublesome partnership with other Powers whose equitable claim is at most for her own pecuniary guarantee that their subjects shall not suffer, and subjects herself in the task of reorganizing Egyptian administration to conditions so hampering that they make failure almost certain. For this course at present Ministers have attempted no defence, and until they attempt it it would be unjust to criticise by conjecture the line that their defence will take. But the facts are simply and strictly what has just been stated, and it is most important that members of Parliament who are not mere slaves of the Caucus should face these facts. What they are asked to do is not merely to recognize accomplished liabilities, to pay the bills for expenses actually incurred, to condone faults actually committed, to sweep up glasses actually broken. They are asked to add a not inconsiderable sum to the financial liabilities even of England, to furnish English troops at less by far than their cost, to forego a part, if only a small part, of the income of this country. But they are also asked not to accept consideration for these sacrifices, but actually to throw away, as it were, in return for the privilege of making them, a large share of the influence which England has won, and a great part of the present opportunities which England possesses of directing the affairs of Egypt for the good both of Egypt and of England. On the morrow of the acceptance of this agreement England will not only be a little poorer in money, a great deal poorer in authority, but she will be less able to look after her own interests, and very much less able to look after the interests of Egypt. Consent to this—and consent given with a hurry which may almost be called indecent, and which is certainly suspicious—is what Mr. GLADSTONE asks of the representatives of England, and, in a delegated fashion, the trustees of Egypt.

#### AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

**L**ORD DERBY, who generally discharges the functions of GOETHE'S Spirit of Negation, may perhaps have good reason for his opinion that Imperial Federation, even if it is ever to be effected, is still remote. The practical union of the mother-country with the Colonies might probably be delayed or defeated by premature experiments in organic legislation. As Lord DERBY truly says, a league for common defence is virtually instituted. A formal attempt to establish a Federal Constitution would immediately raise dangerous questions of local independence and of fiscal legislation. It is true that analogous difficulties have been overcome during the growth and expansion of the United States; but the elastic framework into which new States and Territories have been successively fitted is one of the peculiar felicities which cannot be transplanted. The less perfect unity which has been attained by the German States was facilitated by the establishment of a common fiscal system half a century before. The Zollverein may perhaps have been an indispensable condition of the establishment or restoration of the Empire; and it must be remembered that, until the beginning of the present century, Germany was still nominally a kingdom. The less complete union of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy survives from a recent time in which all its component parts were held together by a common despotism. None of the same historical conditions are to be found in the English Colonial dominions. Neither the exclusive control of the American tariff by the Federal Legislature nor the fiscal uniformity of the Zollverein could be imitated in an English federation. The Colonies, with all their genuine loyalty, always levy high rates of taxation on imports; and the United Kingdom can at most only assert a claim to the privileges of the most favoured nation. It is fortunate that, notwithstanding the Protectionist proclivities of Canada or of Victoria, trade still continues to follow the flag. Fashion and custom prevail where sentiment, however sincere, might perhaps not be powerful enough to affect commercial relations. Mr. FORSTER, and those who share his aspirations, would be the last to propose that the more rational system of English duties on imports should be modified to suit Colonial interests or prejudices. There is no difference of opinion as to the maintenance of internal independence. Responsible government, which means unlimited freedom of domestic legislation, is irrevocably established in the larger Colonies; and it will in due time be extended to the rest. If a projector were to construct an ideal scheme of federation, he

would find that his sphere of imaginary action was narrowly limited.

It is doubtful whether the partial union of some of the Australian settlements will promote or impede the future introduction of a more comprehensive measure. It is not even certain that the Colonies which have entertained the subject will proceed to actual legislation. It may be convenient to recall the steps which have been thus far taken. The movement began with the threatened increase of the French convict settlements in the South Pacific. All the Australian Colonies approved the annexation of New Guinea by the Government of Queensland. Experience has shown that the Imperial Government would have done well to condone any formal irregularity which might have been committed; but the occupation of the Colonial Office by Lord DERBY was incompatible with action which might be at the same time vigorous and questionable. In answer to the remonstrances of the Colonies against his disavowal of the annexation, Lord DERBY intimated that the proposal would be reconsidered, if the Colonies would provide sufficient security for common action. It happened that at the time the Prime Ministers of all the Colonies had met in a Conference at Sydney for other purposes. The assembled representatives of responsible government at once formed themselves into a consultative council, and passed resolutions for the establishment of an elaborate Federal Constitution, of course reserving to their respective Legislatures the right of sanctioning or rejecting their proposals. Although the assembled Ministers were unanimous, the oldest and most important of the Colonies has since disapproved or indefinitely adjourned the consideration of the proposed union.

The Parliament and Government of New South Wales have further protested against the introduction at the instance of the other Colonies of a project which will be necessarily imperfect. It may be plausibly contended that the arguments which might support a general federation are inapplicable to a fractional union; but Lord DERBY, after considering the protest of New South Wales, resolved to proceed with the Enabling Bill which forms the necessary basis of further measures. Although there was no Parliamentary opposition, the Enabling Bill shared the general failure of all pending measures when Mr. GLADSTONE suddenly prorogued Parliament in August. The autumn Session was exclusively devoted to the Franchise Bill, and it is only now that the Australian Enabling Bill can be brought forward. Lord DERBY has profited by the delay to consult the Colonies on the provisions of the measure; and some alterations of minor importance have consequently been proposed. It is evidently desirable, if a fragmentary union is to be formed, that the constituent Governments should be at liberty to settle its terms. Lord DERBY has never explained his reasons for originally insisting on federation as a condition precedent to annexations which have since become in some instances impracticable. He has lately expressed a well-founded opinion that co-operation with the mother-country is likely to be most effectually secured by arrangements made to suit special circumstances. The annexation of the Southern coast of New Guinea has been completed without waiting for any federal arrangement. It would seem possible that a similar course might be followed whenever joint action was required. It is not a little remarkable that the Colony which holds aloof from federation has been the first to offer aid in men and money for the prosecution of an Imperial war. It is at least possible that a Federal Council might have tended rather to obstruct than to forward the independent action of the Colony.

The cause of Colonial union with the mother-country is fortunate in the self-election of its principal champion. Mr. FORSTER never takes up a political object without being thoroughly in earnest. It is not surprising that his enthusiasm communicated itself to a sympathetic audience at Cambridge. For the moment Mr. FORSTER is detached from party connexions; but it is well that he should be a zealous and, perhaps, an extreme Liberal. Colonists might, perhaps, suspect an advocate of federation whose opinions were not in harmony with their institutions. The consistent supporter of the doubtful principle of popular suffrage and the author of the equally questionable Ballot Bill has given pledges of his democratic leaning. On the other hand, reasonable Conservatives will listen with toleration or favour to a Radical who, unlike some of his political associates, is deeply concerned for national greatness. The interest which has been aroused by Mr. FORSTER's eloquent speeches is sustained by frequent appeals to general



sympathy. The PRINCE OF WALES, with his usual tact, took a part in a meeting which was held for the purpose of hearing Sir F. N. BROOME's exposition of the resources and the wants of the Colony of West Australia. In that vast region a small number of English settlers has to thank the foresight of an earlier generation of statesmen for not leaving room on the Australian continent for unwelcome foreign competitors. If the Colony had not, in spite of its scanty population, been regularly constituted, French or German claimants would, since the establishment of the demand for unoccupied lands, have disturbed a peaceable possession which may hereafter become valuable and important.

The indignation which was caused by Lord DERBY's refusal to annex New Guinea is probably subsiding. The Colonists in the first instance regarded themselves and the English Government as the only parties in the controversy. They now begin to understand that England has to reckon, not only with sensitive subjects, but with powerful and jealous neighbours. Even in Queensland angry patriots by this time know that the English Government has been forced to submit to the pretensions of Germany both in Africa and in New Guinea. Some of the more intelligent colonists may also doubt whether they are seriously injured by the nominal creation of a German settlement on a tropical island. Their posterity, if not themselves, will almost certainly inherit the territory from which they are now excluded, and which, indeed, they had never possessed. The occupiers of the only habitable part of the South Pacific countries have only to multiply and to wait. They will ultimately be the paramount Power of the Southern Hemisphere, whether or not they retain a more or less close connexion with England. In the meantime the Germans are not likely to flood their own possessions with a mass of ticket-of-leave men, especially as the climate would render it impossible to enforce labour on criminals, or to educate them into free settlers. No part of Mr. FORSTER's Cambridge speech was more interesting than his enumeration of the coasts and provinces which constitute the outlying portion of the English Empire. Nearly half the harbours in the temperate regions are English; and they contribute in various ways to the naval supremacy which, in spite of maladministration, will sooner or later be re-established. Mr. FORSTER's catalogue offers some consolation for the loss of Angra Pequena, if not for the mode in which it was accomplished.

The enemies or unfriendly rivals of England may perhaps have made a mistake in their recent Colonial policy. The loss of some possible openings for settlement would be amply compensated by a closer alliance with the Colonies. But for French and German projects New South Wales might perhaps never have thought of sending a contingent to the army in the Soudan. The Australian settlements know that Imperial protection is almost indispensable to their security against alien intruders. They feel towards foreign colonists as the North American provinces regarded in the middle of the eighteenth century the French possessions which hemmed them in from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi. Almost every historian of the time has observed that as long as Canada was French the American colonies would never rebel against the English Government. The Treaty of Paris at the end of the Seven Years' War was the immediate precursor of the Declaration of Independence. WASHINGTON had acquired in the service of the Crown the military knowledge which qualified him for the command of the Continental army. It is possible that even now the Australian Colonies might be able to defend themselves against a European enemy; but they would not willingly engage in a doubtful contest, and without English aid they could scarcely undertake offensive measures against foreign settlements. The German occupation of the North coast of New Guinea was perhaps a slight to England, but only because it affected the interests, or rather the feelings, of the people of Queensland and New South Wales. There is now no use in passing resolutions condemnatory of Lord DERBY, when the real objects of jealousy are the German Government and its new possessions. It is not to be regretted that the Colonial resources of England are likely to be exaggerated, or at least fully appreciated, by European opinion.

#### EGYPT.

THE imminence of active operations near Souakim, and the publication of the Financial Agreement, have during the past week a little turned public attention from the details of Egyptian affairs. The arrest of ZOEIR PASHA is one of

those events which, in themselves, need comparatively little discussion, but which in their relations with other things are full of matter for consideration. No one who has not seen the papers or heard the information on which Lord WOLSELEY is supposed to have advised Sir EVELYN BARING to make the arrest can judge whether the grounds for it were in themselves sufficient, and on that point little or nothing need be said. If ZOEIR has been arrested merely for being in communication with the MAHDI, it may not be quite evident why Mr. WILFRID BLUNT is at liberty; and it is certain that ZOEIR was something less than handsomely treated by the English-Egyptian authorities both in the matter of BAKER's black troops and in the matter of GORDON's suggestions. But almost any act of vigour on the part of the English Government is refreshing, or would be so but for the remembrance of what these acts of vigour usually come to. The really interesting point is the fresh light thrown by the act on the attitude of HER MAJESTY'S Government towards Egypt. The KHEDEVE's Government is, we all know, quite independent; yet the KHEDEVE's subjects are arrested and deported from his dominions by English soldiers, and without, as far as is known, any process of Egyptian law whatever. The whole gabble of irresponsibility is being daily recited afresh by the Ministerial press, now that a fresh massacre has occurred, or is just going to occur, at Kassala. We did not send the garrisons; we are not responsible for the garrisons; we have nothing directly or indirectly to do with anything or anybody in the Soudan, though we happen to have some fifteen or twenty thousand soldiers dotted about it. But though we have thus nothing to do with rebels against Egypt, or soldiers remaining faithful to Egypt, or this, or that, or the other, it seems that any one who in Lower Egypt acts on this principle is liable to be snapped up, and sent in custody to an English fortress. There can be no doubt that the proceeding is in every way justifiable on the principles of those admirable Birmingham Quakers, whom a speaker at a Radical peace meeting immortalized the other day. If the war had been Lord BEACONSFIELD's war, they would have been very eager to oppose it, but as it was Mr. GLADSTONE's war, they were convinced it must be all right. In the same way, if the late Government had arrested ZOEIR, it would no doubt have been rank kidnapping; but in present circumstances no Ministerialist is likely to bestir himself even to ask the Arabic for Habeas Corpus.

On the very well-known principle that, with a certain class of persons, bold and arbitrary action in small matters usually accompanies action of a very opposite kind in great ones, the exact conditions of the Financial Agreement, the full correspondence on which is now hourly expected, were awaited with considerable anxiety, even though they were chiefly known already. The forthcoming Conference on the Suez Canal is not likely to make that anxiety less. The complete neutralization of the Canal will make the southern end of the Red Sea of more importance than ever; and now that other countries are multiplying coaling-stations and fortresses in that neighbourhood, Aden, Perim, and Socotra assume almost the highest position in the list of points vital to English command of the route to the East. Important, however, as these stations are, they do not give the same complete command as the possession of Suez and Port Said; and an intelligent Englishman would rather take the chance of being the first to hold the Canal itself—a chance which our present position in Egypt, unless wantonly thrown away, makes almost a certainty—than the certainty of having a share in it along with the enemy. This point of view, however, is not that of HER MAJESTY'S Government, and it is probable that one more will be added to the already formidable list of international stipulations which have been drawn up during the last thirty years. The fate of the Black Sea provisions of the Treaty of Paris in the only very serious European disturbance which has since occurred is not of good augury for the resisting power of other similar agreements; and sensible men perfectly well understand that the neutralization of the Suez Canal will last exactly as long as, and no longer than, the state of things in which no one Power has a strong temptation to break it and the prospect of being able to make good the breach. The unfortunate thing is that England would always be scrupulous about such a breach; and that the probable enemies of England would, as they showed in the case above referred to, have no scruple whatever. When it pleases Providence to remove Mr. GLADSTONE to higher spheres, the mania for these hampering and useless engagements will probably die out; but till

then they must, we suppose, be taken as part of the price to be paid for the blessing of such a statesman's services.

The time at which action on Sir GERALD GRAHAM's part was expected is approaching, and it may be hoped that the harassing and useless exposure of valuable troops to night assaults from an enemy who is almost intangible, and whose life, if he is killed, does not in the least make up for the loss he inflicts, has come to an end. Any moment may now bring the news of some fresh *Tamanieb*, with its slaughter on both sides, its barren victory, its result of an enemy obstinately refusing to acknowledge himself beaten. Or we may hear (not to mention uglier possibilities) of the imitation by *OSMAN DIGNA* of the tactics which harassed General *BULLER*, and of English troops proceeding through difficult country and being constantly harassed by an intangible foe. But fortunately General *GRAHAM* is well supplied with cavalry and artillery; and, as far as actual fighting is concerned, there is good hope that he will make up for Lord *WOLSELEY*'s acknowledged failure, which, however, was itself not a failure in fighting. The object of the fight is the doubtful point. No ray of light has yet illumined the darkness of the Government plans in this quarter, but Lord *EDMOND FITZMAURICE* has comfortably owned his expectation that the throats of the garrison and inhabitants of *Kassala* will probably not preserve continuity longer than the end of this month. If Egypt had been left to herself, the garrison and inhabitants of *Kassala* would have been relieved long ago, and consequently, as the supporters of the Government know, not the slightest responsibility, direct or indirect, rests on England in the matter. This kind of logic goes far, and it is possible that in some mood and figure of it the absence of any visible aim or purpose in General *GRAHAM*'s expedition may establish the certainty of valuable results from General *GRAHAM*'s exertions. The only drawback of this newest Organon is that it makes discussion of events on the part of those who are not trained in it difficult if not unprofitable. In this respect, however, the conduct of the Government in the Eastern Soudan does not stand alone, as the unfortunate members of Parliament who nightly debate points of the Redistribution Bill only to discover that such debating is unlawful and the points are taboo know full well. A purely altruistic patriotism may comfort itself with the thought that Italy has, in consequence of our operations, acquired useful territory without more cost or trouble to herself than the cost and trouble of taking possession; that Turkey might have had, and apparently may still have, *Souakim* whenever she chooses; and that the present policy of HER MAJESTY'S Government appears to be the distribution of regions of the earth full of British labour to any country which will apply for them either amiably or unamiably. Germany, Italy, Russia have received, or are receiving, their share; Turkey might have had hers (it is true that it was already hers, which perhaps makes a difference); and it will doubtless soon be the turn of France, unless the concessions of the Financial Agreement are to be taken in lieu of territory of which France already has much more on her hands than she can manage. These proceedings, if they had been Lord *BEACONSFIELD*'s, would have been scarcely intelligible, and not at all palatable; but being Mr. *GLADSTONE*'s, the Birmingham Quakers above referred to know that they are wise and feel that they are good.

#### THE VIEW OF THE ADMIRALTY.

THE man who is convinced against his will is of the same opinion still. The proverb is something musty; but it is shrewd, and worth quoting when our governors are illustrating it by a modern instance. Towards the end of last year the Admiralty was compelled to give up one of its favourite theories voluntarily. Its representatives in the Lords and in the Commons came forward, a week or so after asserting that the navy was in a most satisfactory state, and asked for a matter of five millions to be spent on more ships and new guns. So far so good; but unhappily the voluntary action of My Lords Commissioners was taken under severe compulsion. The consequences are what might have been, and in some quarters were, foreseen. No sooner was the immediate difficulty well shirked by the timely utterance of a few promises than the Admiralty was found to be of the same opinion as before. Its actions show it holds as firmly as ever to the creed that its first duty is not to give the country an efficient navy, but to keep things sweet with the Treasury. As far as drawing plans goes, it

has been reasonably alive; but it has carefully abstained from committing itself to actual costly work. Meanwhile, whenever a chance offers, the First Lord and smaller Lords hasten to preach their old heresy. Some three weeks ago Lord *NORTHBROOK* put the exquisite politeness of the Upper House to a severe test by asserting at some length, and with every appearance of conviction, that the Admiralty had done, was doing, and would do everything necessary. In the course of this week—no further back than Monday night—Sir *THOMAS BRASSEY* has had the courage to get up and follow his leader in the Lower House. The work is, it would seem, to do again. Before getting a beginning made in the dockyards, it will once more be necessary to conquer the Admiralty. There is, however, one encouraging feature in the situation. The representatives of the department are not quite of one mind. Lord *NORTHBROOK*, indeed, has such a vigour of faith that he is plainly persuaded of the truth of every word he says; but Sir *THOMAS BRASSEY* is a mere *Laodicean* in the official creed. The First Lord thinks the Admiralty perfect, the Secretary is only sure it might be worse.

Properly considered Sir *THOMAS BRASSEY*'s speech on Monday night has done the country good service. If it is not made to justify all the critics of the Admiralty have said all along, the fault will not be his. Twice in the same address he made a confession of departmental faith according to the creed of the Treasury. In the first place, he informed the House that when war is not imminent, the Admiralty would not be justified in pushing on work. Of course that was not how Sir *THOMAS* worded it. What he said was that "A great service like ours demands perfection, and is sensitively jealous of the slightest superiority elsewhere," and so we must, you see, go on experimenting and experimenting while the ships remain for years unfinished in the yards, because "our able staff of gunnery officers" think that this or the other thing must be improved in our ordnance. To which there is this obvious reply. The Admiralty's artistic love of perfection in armament has been shown hitherto by the obstinate retention of a bad model of gun, and the persistent use of an inferior gunpowder. Therefore, while it delays under pretence of making things better, it is, in fact, keeping things worse. It is interesting to speculate as to the answer which another *THOMAS BRASSEY* would have given to a firm of engineers who had excused a breach of contract and the badness of its machines in this fashion. Further on the Secretary to the Admiralty spoke up for his department. He asked, putting himself in the position of the honourable gentlemen opposite, whether the Estimates "we are now proposing to Parliament are sufficient." Answering himself, he used these remarkable words:—"It is impossible for those who are responsible for the administration of the navy to say that any Estimates fully provide for all the wants of a great sea service. There must be many things less perfect than we could wish. But if we test these Estimates by another standard, and compare the amounts voted in other countries, the provision we are making should be ample." Does Sir *THOMAS* call this backing his friends? His apology is, in fact, a repetition of the excuse for the dawdling caused by waiting on the gunnery officials, and it is open to the same answer. The result does not justify the delays of the Admiralty. It has arrived at failure in its efforts after perfection, which, to the unofficial mind, seems a good reason for believing it does not know its business. With these official statements in hand, Parliament will be in a singularly good position for insisting that no permanent improvement in the administration of the navy can be hoped for till the Admiralty has been made to take a wholly different view of its duty. Up to the present it does not even seem to have tried to realize what a serious naval war would mean. Among the other soothing things which Sir *THOMAS BRASSEY* commented on, with an obvious sense of the great need there is to make the most of his case, was of course the immense resources of our private dockyards. It is unquestionably an advantage to be able to build ships quickly, but from the Admiralty's point of view the best thing about it is that it may be made an excuse for doing very little. When the House of Commons is asked to be easy in its mind about the navy because we were able to raise the number of ships in commission during the Crimean War from 212 in February 1854 to 590 in March 1856, it may well feel the hopelessness of argument. Of course, if we are always going to fight States which have a very small navy, and can always rely on the alliance of nations which have a strong fleet, then even a smaller force than



we have will be amply sufficient. The Admiralty has made its mind up apparently that we shall always find ourselves in this position in war time. If, on the other hand, we ought to be ready to fight with an enemy who is powerful at sea, and without the help of any ally, then it is useless to answer criticism by referring to what was done in the Crimean War. All that Sir THOMAS BRASSEY'S figures prove is that in 1854, as in 1885, the Admiralty had allowed the navy to become too weak. There should have been no need for all that frantic hurry and wild outlay of money. And how are we to be sure that we shall have two years' leisure given us to make up our arrears in when next we are engaged in a great war? Nobody doubts our power to increase the navy to the necessary strength if we have the time. The complaint against the Admiralty is that it has put the country in the position of being, at least to a certain extent, dependent on the chance of having time to make good deficiencies after a declaration of war.

With that very plain issue before it, the House of Commons might well be more than usually indifferent to those criticisms of details which are brought forward whenever the Navy Estimates are presented to the House. Mr. W. H. SMITH had no difficulty in showing that the Admiralty has failed to keep all its promises as to finishing new ships, and he may be implicitly believed when he says that the failure is due to the shifty official practice of taking money voted for construction and devoting it to repairs. To this Sir THOMAS BRASSEY might very well answer, as Mr. SMITH would have to do in his place, that the Commissioners of the Admiralty, like humbler persons, cannot possibly make three guineas do the work of five. If ships on the active list stand in pressing need of repairs, they must be repaired even at the cost of delaying construction. The Admiralty sin is less that it mispends its three guineas than that it persists in saying that sum is enough when five are needed, and would be cheerfully voted. In one respect, the policy of the department seems at last to have become thoroughly sound. Sir THOMAS BRASSEY was able to excuse the delay in beginning fresh vessels on the ground that the Admiralty is hastening to get done with those on hand. Whether more money is to be spent or not, this is undoubtedly the proper course to take. It would be more business-like not to lay a single new keel till all the ships now building are done, than to go on dawdling with a dozen in various stages of construction. Six vessels actually built represent an effective power as far as they go. Twenty vessels building represent for the moment nothing but work to be done. Of course there is absolutely no reason why the *Anson*, the *Camperdown*, and the other liners now building should not be finished as fast as the industry of man can finish them, without prejudice to beginning even so many as the thirty-three new ones asked for by Sir J. HAY. It is all a question of money. The question of money, again, depends on the readiness of the Admiralty to ask. It has only to come to Parliament and say that more is wanted, and it will be given. When it did, under great pressure, propose a supplementary vote last autumn, the only doubt expressed was as to whether the sum was sufficient. In the course of further debate on the Estimates, the whole question of the Admiralty administration will be brought under discussion. If the case of the country against the department is decently conducted, we may once and for all do away with the tradition that an Admiralty's first duty is to keep the navy down. The Opposition, which, in this case, will mean all one side of the House and a great part of the other, will have a good opportunity of establishing the principle, hitherto heretical, that the force exists for the country, and not for the convenience of either one party or the other. A very useful preliminary step would be to make an estimate of what number of ships would be needed in war time. If such a thing were made, and based on reasoning of some kind—not on vague guesses—we should have made a good step towards seeing how far the present fleet is sufficient.

#### POT AND KETTLE.

MR. EDWARD LEGGE, "originator" of the *Whitehall Review*, has been suing Mr. EDMUND YATES, of the *World*, for libel. The *World* is still with us, too much or too little as opinions may incline. Of the *Whitehall Review*, as it was in the palmy days of Mr. LEGGE, when it called a spade not a spade, but an infernal shovel, nought remains but the name. It has forsworn scandal, and lives

cleanly, and nothing said either at the trial or here about its previous state of existence applies to what it has now become. As to the libel, which the jury have found to be justified, there is very little to be said. We suppose that vulgar people, with no sense of humour and no sort of taste, who like scurrility and contemplate with equanimity the degradation of the English language, have as much right to be written for as anybody else. If they can find any charm and detect any meaning in such sentences as "LEGGE, 'always well-named, has got into his right place at last,'" we can only congratulate them on having a purveyor for their wants. There is a style for everything, and perhaps this is the style, this and no other, ordained from all eternity for use by the *World* when attacking the *Whitehall Review*. It seems a pity that the *Whitehall Review* did not confine itself to saying, in the speech of 'Arrydom, "You're 'another," instead of appealing to a special jury. But the case has laid bare one side of "Society journalism," or, if we may suggest an amendment, "pantry politics," and very curious the revelation is. It seems that Mr. LEGGE is the proud inventor of the phrase "Society journal," and he may further plume himself on having rendered it much the same service as HYPERBOLUS performed for ostracism. Probably no paper will be ambitious of the title "Society 'journal'" after the account which Mr. LEGGE gave in the witness-box of the way in which the business is conducted. Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS expressed great regret that he could not apply to Mr. YATES, who was absent, the same process as that by which Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL extracted information from Mr. LEGGE. Meanwhile there is Mr. LEGGE, and he is a host in himself. Mr. LEGGE, not content with amusing a certain section of the public, was ambitious of reforming the morals of the age. With this lofty purpose he published an article, the name of which we would rather not print in these less obtrusively moral columns. It dealt with "women of immoral life and their patrons," and was written, according to Mr. LEGGE, by "a clergyman 'of the Church of England,'" who should not be suffered to languish in obscurity.

But it is rather Mr. LEGGE's methods than Mr. LEGGE's aims that concern the public. So far as his motives go, we are forced to take Mr. LEGGE more or less at his own valuation, corrected no doubt to some extent by the less flattering estimate of the jury. Still, if Mr. LEGGE chooses to say that his one aim in life was the promotion of social purity, we may indeed disbelieve, but we cannot refute, him. How he went about his work we know from his own lips. One of the simplest and surest modes of raising public morality is, of course, to circulate spicy details about divorce cases before they come into court. Even if only bare facts can be obtained, they set people's minds in the right direction, and cause a great deal of annoyance to the parties concerned. Solicitors' clerks appear to have been useful to Mr. LEGGE in this way; though we venture to think that he must have been exceptionally fortunate in finding any who would condescend to serve him in such a capacity. But it was to Mr. Justice HAWKINS that Mr. LEGGE really unbosomed himself. There is something about the simplicity and innocence of that learned Judge which invites confidence, and he had a much greater success than Mr. RUSSELL. To the Bench Mr. LEGGE explained that he got pretty little paragraphs of a personal nature from "friends" of the persons to whom they referred. The wages to be obtained by this friendly industry are from a guinea to thirty shillings a column. This is a charming vocation, and we share the regret of Mr. Justice HAWKINS that the names of those who labour in it cannot be held up to general appreciation.

#### THE CONSERVATIVE MEETING.

THE late Conservative meeting may perhaps tend to improve the discipline of the party; but it is unfortunate that since that date Sir M. HICKS-BEACH should have voted and spoken against Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. The resignation of the Conservative agent is also to be regretted. It is not surprising that private members of the minority, occupying a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, should regard with occasional dissatisfaction the present policy of their leaders; but the wiser part of the Opposition understand the necessity of repressing their natural impatience. The repeated blunders of the Government will not produce their proper effect unless they are contrasted with sound judgment and resolute consistency on the part of their adversaries. It was by the

display of superior ability and wisdom that Sir ROBERT PEEL in the last generation held the Whig Government in check until he was able to overthrow it. If his authority over his followers had been impaired, the great mass of independent opinion would have once more inclined to the Liberal side. Although he has no equal successor in the present day, the leaders of the Opposition are entitled to the confidence of their party. It is to their patriotism and sound judgment that the country is indebted for the abstention of Parliament from unreasonable interference with the actual or possible negotiations on the Russian difficulty. Less experienced and less conscientious politicians might have remembered and copied the factious violence with which Mr. GLADSTONE assailed Lord BEACONSFIELD'S measures in the midst of foreign complications. Some members of the present Opposition might perhaps be tempted to retaliate, if they were not restrained by the influence and example of their leaders. The duty of presenting a united front to a hostile enemy has not been forgotten, although the Minister is with good reason universally and profoundly distrusted. The marvellous and yet characteristic imbecility of Mr. GLADSTONE'S statements about the agreement or arrangement on the Afghan frontier was allowed to pass with a simple request for more intelligible information. When a day or two afterwards it appeared that there was at the time neither an agreement nor an arrangement the Opposition once more refrained from words which might not have done good, and which might have done harm.

The indications of schism or mutiny which seemed to have been afforded by the late division on a clause of the Seats Bill were apparently the occasion of the Conservative meeting. Nearly all the members of the Opposition voted against Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE on the question whether the City of London should be deprived of two of its members. If the Irish members had taken advantage of the opportunity, they might have placed the Government in a minority; and they were probably only deterred from causing general embarrassment by their anxiety to secure the advantages which will result from the redistribution of seats in Ireland. It may probably be true that the City has been mulcted of two of its members as a punishment for its recent conversion to Conservative principles; and those who think that almost any deviation from the rigid system of electoral districts is desirable may reasonably wish that the City should be represented in proportion to the number of electors rather than according to the census of residents. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE himself would probably have voted for the amendment if he had been dealing with an open question; but a party to an elaborate compromise is not at liberty to withdraw single concessions which form a part of the bargain. If all the circumstances of the case are considered, it will be found that Lord SALISBURY and Sir S. NORTHCOTE obtained excellent terms for their clients. They could not forget that every modification of the original Bill was a clear gain to the Conservative cause. The division of the greater part of the country into districts returning single members may not improbably fail to secure a just representation of the minority; but the plan furnished the only attainable means of limiting the monotonous prevalence of numbers. The retention of some of the old constituencies and of the University representation must be set off against the loss inflicted on the City of London. Above all, it is necessary to remember that a principal is bound by the engagements of his agent, unless he disowns the authority which he is supposed to have given. Not one of the many Conservative members who dislike the Seats Bill as it is framed is prepared to dispute the validity of the commission assumed by Lord SALISBURY and his colleague.

If it had been for the interest of the Opposition that the compromise should be repudiated, Sir CHARLES DILKE'S speeches in the University debate and on the question of double votes would have been sufficient provocation for a rupture. The Minister in charge of a Bill which represents a formal agreement between the two great parties is not morally justified in arguing against a clause which he at the same time recommends to the acceptance of Parliament. The Radical party, having obtained the benefit of passing an almost unopposed measure, has now through Sir CHARLES DILKE reserved to itself the right of disfranchising the Universities and the freeholders on the earliest opportunity. The arguments which Sir C. DILKE described on the earlier occasion as unanswerable have less to do with his conclusion than the more candid declarations of Irish members. Mr. BRYCE was shocked at the diffe-

rence of opinion between graduates living in the world and the little knot of revolutionary theorists, including some infuriated pedants, who form a part of the resident academic body. Mr. REDMOND more simply voted against University constituencies on the ground that property and learning ought not to be represented in Parliament. Irish malcontents, while they are opposed to all kinds of cultivation, have a still more urgent personal reason for wishing to disfranchise the national University. Mr. PLUNKET and Mr. GIBSON are by universal consent the most accomplished of all Irish members. If they were excluded, as Sir C. DILKE and Mr. BRYCE would desire, from the House of Commons, their places might be supplied by another BIGGAR and another REDMOND. The contention that private Conservative members are morally bound by the covenants of their chiefs is equally applicable to the minority which supported Mr. BRYCE'S amendment. It is partly in consideration of the retention of the University seats that the Opposition will have virtually concurred in the return of numerous agitators of a dangerous kind. Sir C. DILKE himself shared in the negotiation which he proposes, not immediately to violate, but, as far as possible, to discredit.

The question of Irish representation on which Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH revolted furnished a not less strong instance of intrinsic reasonableness in the arguments of the Opposition malcontents. But here, too, the same consideration applies. The rights and liabilities of the majority and the minority are equitably the same; but the weaker party would evidently be the chief loser by a disruption of the compromise. The effect of a breach would be to remit both parties to the position which they respectively occupied before the arrangement was made in the autumn. The Conservatives were then strong in the justice of their cause; but they were hopelessly outnumbered. The Ministers had succeeded in enlisting the rabble on their side; and they could probably now revive, if the hope of unanimous legislation were disappointed, the clamorous violence of their supporters. It is for the advantage of the Opposition to evade or disguise the execution of a compulsory retreat. The Conservatives may have lost the opportunity of proving that the Ministerial scheme was intentionally unjust, and probably mischievous; but the demonstration would not have enabled two-fifths of the House to out-vote three-fifths. It is also, on the whole, convenient that the House of Lords should be compelled to pass a Bill of which it nevertheless conscientiously disapproves. The Conservative majority of peers will undoubtedly hold itself bound by Lord SALISBURY'S bold and independent action. It would have been more disagreeable to give way after one rejection of the Bill to the persistency of the House of Commons. In both Houses assent to the general arrangement involves the waiver of objections to the principal details. Appeals to Parliament from the decisions of the Boundary Commissioners may not be objectionable in principle; but the extraordinary ease with which the preliminary distribution was accomplished would greatly weaken the force of local objections. Almost the only questions which seemed during the inquiry to excite popular interest related to the names rather than to the delimitation of the new electoral districts. The leaders of the two parties are certainly not pledged to the claims of one borough or market-town rather than of another to give its name to a county division.

Many commentators on the transaction have observed that the settlement of a great controversy by three or four leading statesmen is a constitutional innovation. The courteous communications between the respective leaders which are almost indispensable to the conduct of business seldom involve a compromise of principle. More questionable deviations from the ordinary course of party antagonism have consisted in the occasional employment of leaders of the Opposition in official business. The appointment in 1858 of Mr. GLADSTONE as Extra Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands was an audacious attempt on the part of Lord DERBY and Sir EDWARD LYTTON to buy off a formidable opponent. The experiment would probably not have failed if an attempt made nearly at the same time to get rid of Mr. DISRAELI had been successful. Mr. GLADSTONE may be acquitted of a similar design in appointing Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE as a member of the Commission which concluded the Treaty of Washington; but, if he made no direct attempt to buy off the Opposition, he effectually silenced it. The treaty was never seriously discussed, because a Conservative leader had shared the responsibility which ought to have devolved exclusively on the Government. The late



proceeding is not covered by the precedents; but, if it effects a change in the Constitution, the novelty may perhaps not be a conclusive argument against a possibly beneficial practice. Party influences and traditions have had an ample share in the decision of political issues. It may perhaps be found expedient that on rare occasions the public good should be preferred to the triumph of a Ministry or an Opposition. There are a few advocates of the paradox that party government is already obsolete; but perhaps the proposition ought in consistency to extend to representative government. The results of a qualified intermission of party warfare may perhaps be instructive.

#### OLCOTT SCIENCE.

MME. COULOMB has recently shown, with extreme frankness, "how it is done," how psychical messages are mysteriously conveyed by the aid of a piece of string, and how a Mahatma can be improvised with a sheet and a sofa-cushion. The miracles of "Theosophy" being thus partially accounted for, as in conformity with natural law, perhaps it is fair to examine the philosophy which is based upon the miracles. In a little book styled *Theosophy, Religion, and Occult Science* (REDWAY), one of the apostles of Occultism, Colonel OLCOTT, states, in reprinted lectures, the nature of the very extensive faith which is in him. "There are metaphysicians enough," exclaims the gallant Colonel, "to enlighten and confuse the higher reading public; but to one who can follow them through their demonstrations there are fifty who lack time, ability, or both." To these fifty lost sheep, who lack time and ability, Colonel OLCOTT appears as a missionary; "this," "primarily, is my public," he remarks; and he attempts to sweep away the Materialists, and their friends the Positivists. These misguided men are "jostling the Ecclesiastic," "undermining spiritual aspirations" (think of undermining an aspiration!), and "blackening the sky of sunny Intuition." Sunny Intuition is good; and so are all the Colonel's metaphors. His lectures are, indeed, a howling menagerie of mixed metaphors. The Colonel remarks that he plants the Theosophical Society upon a "basic general proposition," the proposition being that the idols of Materialism are to be demolished by the hammer of science. So now for the Colonel's "Science." He and his friends have "verified the existence of two sublimer states of matter than the form we are told about by our fashionable scientific authorities." Thus aided, the Society—which we left planted upon a basic proposition as upon a rock that can buffet the storms of criticism—is "fast growing into a banyan tree," basic propositions being, apparently, favourable to this class of vegetable life. Inquirers ask, says Colonel OLCOTT, whether the Society believes in the Immortality of the Soul, and whether a library will be established and accessible to the Fellows? Inquirers ask fifteen other questions of equal importance, not including whether election is by ballot or by committee. We cannot, of course, reply to all these interesting demands, it is enough for us to try to find out how Colonel OLCOTT "verifies the existence of two sublimer sorts of matter" than are dreamed of in our philosophy. The fact is that Colonel OLCOTT appears to make almost too limited a bid for public confidence. He seems to believe in the seven principles which Hindu philosophers have verified in man. "We are seven," each of us may say, and while the materialist, like the prosaic poet, insists that we are only one apiece, we may enumerate our *Sthulasarira* (*rira bien qui rira le dernier*) *Jiva*, *Lingasarira*, *Kamarupa*, *Manas*, *Buddhi*, and *Atma*. Possessing at least five more component elements than the ordinary allowance of body and soul, why does the learned Colonel only verify the existence of two sublimer forms of matter? We wonder the more at his moderation as he might have declared for at least seven times seven more sublime forms of matter. Each of the seven principles is divided by the mild Hindu, the Colonel's master, into seven sub-groups. The fourth of the seven, the *Kamarupa* "resulting in the Double," is the important one of the lot for Theosophy. "And is old Double dead?" we may ask, with SHALLOW, when any one expires, and the Theosophistic answer appears to be that old Double, or *Kamarupa*, is not dead, but survives the decease of the mere *Sthulasarira*, or material body. The answer is important because it is the key to the whole Theosophistic position. That position is that ordinary religion cannot face the oppositions of material science; that

Theosophy, on the other hand, can meet science with science, and demonstrate or verify the existence of forces which religion accepts and which science refuses. The demonstration is provided by means of the *Kamarupa* "resulting in the Double," for material science will have nothing to say to the Double, while religion is expected by Theosophists to welcome the Double as a valued ally. Colonel OLCOTT's doctrine of the Double, then, may as well be stated in his own language:—"Now the next question to be asked us is whether this 'fourth principle, resulting as *Mayavirupa*, or the human 'double,' is intelligent or non-intelligent, matter or spirit; and the next, whether its existence can be scientifically accounted for and proved. We will take them in order. In itself the living man's double is either a vapour, a mist, or a solid form, according to its relative state of condensation. Given outside the body one set of atmospheric, electric, magnetic, telluric, and other conditions, this form may be invisible, yet capable of making sounds, or manifesting other signs of its presence; given another set of conditions, it may be visible, but as a misty vapour; given a third set, it may be condensed into perfect visibility, and even tangibility."

Here is the creed theosophistic in a nutshell. Man's essence includes something for which physical science has no place—a something which, in accordance with electric, magnetic, and telluric conditions, may be a vapour, or a mist, or something tangible, and which may even survive the death of the body. Obviously this Double is no more than the old familiar ghost or wraith, or, in its tangible shape, the "materialized spirit" of the SLADES and SLUDGES. The existence of such things is certainly not a new doctrine; for, except perhaps the Masai of Central Africa, we are acquainted with no savages who do not believe in the Double, and whose sorcerers do not trade in the belief. Nor is the foundation of a kind of creed on the "basic rock" of these fancies a novelty; for, if Mr. HERBERT SPENCER is correct, savage religions have no other foundation. So far, then, Theosophy cannot be held to have made any advance on mere old-fashioned Spiritualism, whether savage or American. But, it may be said, the difference lies in this, that the savage's "Doubles" are mere dreams and confusions of thought, the Spiritualist doubles mere bladders and dummies, while the Theosophists have actually "verified the existence" of such "sublimar forms of matter." But have they "verified the existence," and how did they verify it? Why thus:—"I am now speaking of the apparitions of 'dead persons,' says the Colonel. 'I have myself seen more than five hundred such apparitions in America, where hundreds more saw them, and have recorded my experiences in the form of a book.' And this is verification! COLERIDGE did not believe in ghosts, because he had seen too many of them. Because he has seen so many, Colonel OLCOTT is not only a believer, but holds that he has 'verified' something. Why, all men know how these apparitions and materialized Mahatmas and the rest of the fudge are manufactured!"

Colonel OLCOTT is quoted in *Theosophy Unveiled* as having remarked, "A Christian sect has adopted the motto *finis coronat opus*—the end justifies the means." The Colonel's Latin is not better than Mme. BLAVATSKY's; but he, at all events, repudiates the doctrine that the end justifies the means. Only people who hold that Jesuitical opinion could speak with tolerance of these American apparitions, more than five hundred in number, which the Colonel cites as a cloud of witnesses. Mme. COULOMB has described the making of an apparition by her own fair hands; it was cut out in paper, stuffed, and sewed, "the arms were only up to the elbow." America is full of such apparitions, and they appear in "the constant presence of persons of highly sympathetic magnetism." "Some call them 'elementaries,' others 'shells,'" according to Colonel OLCOTT—"others 'sells,'" he might have added colloquially, but with perfect truth. But the apostle of Theosophy deems that these manifestations are "the undisputed phantasms of the dead, the apparitional forms of human beings in transit between the states of full subjectivity and full objectivity—i.e. between life in this world and life in "Devachan."

This, to be brief, is what it all comes to. Theosophy, falsely so called, is a mixture of American sentimental theology with quantities of Spiritualism and savage superstition, bedizened with outlandish Oriental names. The patentees of this precious compound carry it to the Indian market, where they prose about the Vedas and the primitive Aryan monotheism, as if they knew anything about the

Vedas, and as if the primitive Aryan's creeds were a jot more refined than those of the primitive Eskimo. Young Laboos, with the delusions of their race not purged away, are caught, perhaps, by Europeans and Americans who believe, or affect to believe, in the magical powers of Yogis and Bogies. Theosophy is a mere mixture of the faith in KIRRY KING with smatterings of Oriental studies misunderstood and misapplied. The doctrine is conveyed in language of incoherent absurdity. "This supernaturalism" (that of people who disagree with Colonel OLCOTT) "is the curse of all creeds; it hangs like an incubus" (we should like to see the Colonel's idea of an incubus) "around the neck of the religious, and hatches the satire of the sceptic; it is the dry rot that eats out the heart of any faith that builds upon it." A supernaturalism which is a dry rot that can be built upon, which eats out hearts, and incubates satire, and hangs round necks like an incubus, is a very odd agency indeed, and worthy of the rhetoric of OLCOTT science.

#### IRELAND.

MR. SEXTON has during the present week excited the warm admiration of the great mass of his countrymen; but he ought, in addition to that, to have earned the gratitude of the Lord Mayor of DUBLIN. He has, for the moment, diverted public attention from the comically miserable plight of that unfortunate functionary, who began by disgusting his Loyalist fellow-citizens and ended by infuriating his Nationalist associates, and who now stands exposed to a cross-fire of attack from two parties, to both of whom he has given cause of offence, as just in each case as it was gratuitous in both. Mr. SEXTON has now descended upon the scene almost like the goddess who withdraws the wounded Homeric hero; and gorgeous—indeed as gorgeous as gaseous—is the cloud behind which Mr. O'CONNOR is now hidden. A great deal too much unintelligent ridicule has, however, in our judgment, been expended on the "important document entrusted to Mr. JOHN CLANCY by Mr. SEXTON, and written by him at the instance of Mr. PARNELL." Its eloquence is certainly of a somewhat Corinthian order; but what of that? We will avoid a hackneyed Latin quotation and risk an English vulgarity, by saying that it is not every one who can "come Corinth" over us like the impassioned member for Sligo. Let an average Englishman try his hand at turning out such a noble piece of denunciatory eloquence as that about the policy—"the instruments of which are the insolent mercenary, the foul suborner of perjury, the infamous hired swearer, the gaoler offering liberty as the price of innocent lives, the jury debauched by political passion, the Crown Prosecutor raging on the judgment-seat, the executioner busy with the halter—a policy which has spared neither age nor sex, regarded neither the robe of the ecclesiastic nor the mandate of the elected representative, respected neither the legality of the public assembly nor the sanctity of the home—a policy which protects the miscreant official and pampers the mean instruments and base allies of coercion, while it spurns, insults, imprisons, and defames the accredited delegates of the nation—a policy without pity and without shame, which enriches the perjurer, while it expatriates the hunger-stricken peasant." Let the average Englishman, we say, only attempt this, and see what he makes of it. If by any chance he should ascend to the height of the "Crown Prosecutor raging on the judgment-seat," and the "executioner busy with the halter," he would never compass the magnificent rhetoric of those sentences (unaccountably omitted from some copies of the manifesto) in which Mr. SEXTON goes on to denounce a policy "which has humefied the climate of our island and saddened its encircling ocean, which has lured the peasant from his potato patch by the accursed bribe of the recruiting-sergeant, and turned against the mild MAHDI those stalwart arms which in happier years have levelled the blunderbuss at the landlord—a policy which has wasted the waters of the Shannon and polluted those of the Liffey, which has driven the disgusted fish from our coasts, and sophisticated our whisky with the maddening fusel."

It is no use our pretending that we can write this sort of thing in England; and his is but a poor spirit who affects to despise what is beyond his powers. Nor is there any use in feigning surprise at Mr. PARNELL's action with respect to the memorable document from which we have been quoting. His account of its origin is most interesting, and would have

justified an even more unqualified assumption of responsibility on his part for its contents. The amendment which Mr. CLANCY proposed to move to Sir GEORGE OWENS's resolution of welcome to the PRINCE and PRINCESS of WALES was, no doubt, very deficient both in quality and quantity, being in fact one of which he had given notice "on the spur of the moment"; and Mr. PARNELL naturally suggested to Mr. SEXTON to draft something which would be more suited to the importance of the occasion. This Mr. SEXTON kindly consented to do, and the result was that Mr. CLANCY returned to Dublin with what has been variously represented as "a manifesto" from PARNELL and "a mandate from the Irish party," but what was simply "a series of resolutions of an admirable character, drawn by Mr. SEXTON, for Mr. CLANCY's own guidance and assistance," and "not intended to be exhibited in any way as expressing the views of the Irish party." Not "in any way expressing the views of the Irish party" is surely rather a serious qualification of Mr. PARNELL's praise of these "admirable resolutions" on the Irish situation. It was, at any rate, a pretty broad hint to the effect that the amendment to Sir GEORGE OWENS's resolution had better take some less eloquent and copious form than Mr. SEXTON's column or so of glowing rhetoric; and this implied suggestion was, in fact, acted upon at the meeting of the Dublin Town Council, on Monday last. Meanwhile, however, Mr. SEXTON has had the satisfaction of laying his admirable resolutions before his countrymen with the full approval of his leader; and it is quite irrational to express the astonishment which has found voice in some quarters at Mr. PARNELL's admiring comment upon their style. The leader of the Nationalist party may surely be trusted to know his public. The mere fact that his own oratory is of a more frigid character does not render him incapable of appreciating a magnificent piece of denunciatory rhetoric when he comes across it, and he knows that the discontented portion of the Irish people will appreciate it also. No doubt he is sincere enough in his desire to break the bonds of the Union; but we cannot for a moment suspect so intelligent a politician of believing in the reality of nine-tenths of the "wrongs" which he makes use of to promote the Separatist cause. He knows that there is a natural affinity between the kind of Irishman who follows the agitator and the kind of oratory in which Mr. SEXTON indulges. He knows that the rhetoric of the one is not more hollow than the discontent of the other, that the inflated invective answers fitly enough to the preposterously exaggerated grievances, and that the whole pose and posture-making is equally theatrical in both. The so-called wrongs of Ireland stand related to the oppressions of a really oppressed country precisely as bombast stands related to real eloquence. Fustian is, so to speak, their natural clothing.

The amendment moved by Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN at the meeting of the Dublin Town Council was very different in terms from the "impassioned prose" of Mr. SEXTON. "Supersession of the constitutional liberties of the Irish people," "oppressive" laws which make the administration of Irish affairs little better than an "odious despotism," the PRINCE's visit "a political contrivance designed to produce a deceptive show of satisfaction with the rule of Dublin Castle and the British Parliament"—such language as this reads tamely enough after the burning words of Mr. SEXTON's "admirable resolutions." It served, however, to raise a "somewhat heated discussion," as a result of which the amendment was carried by 41 votes to 17. This, having regard to the known constitution of the Council, and the fact that Mr. PARNELL's orders had been transmitted to the majority through Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN, was of course a foregone conclusion, and carries with it, therefore, even less than the very small amount of weight which would in any case have attached to it. But certain parts of the resolution seem almost designedly framed to produce *Hibernice* the very reverse of the effect contemplated by its sponsors. The protest against "the political contrivance designed to produce a deceptive show of satisfaction" is particularly good, as letting in light upon the apprehensions which have been aroused in the minds of the party of disloyalty by the Royal visit. Why should it be necessary to insist before the event comes off that any show of satisfaction which may be produced by it will be "deceptive"? If the Irish people, or any considerable proportion of them, are really in the mood of hostility to the rule of Dublin Castle and the British Parliament which the agitators attribute to them, how comes it



that any "show of satisfaction," whether deceptive or otherwise, is expected, and has to be provided against? The amendment carried in the Dublin Town Council the other day is, in short, a confession of weakness, an avowal of alienation from popular sentiment, to which only a body of Irishmen could have been absurd enough to commit themselves. It is appropriate enough that the very next paragraph to that in which the proceedings of the Town Council are reported in the *Times* contains the report of a special meeting of the Citizen Committee in Dublin at the Chambers of Commerce to promote measures for the reception of the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES. This meeting, it is added, was largely attended by representatives of the banking, mercantile, and railway interests of the city. Their talk was of citizens' addresses, of a citizens' ball, of grand firework displays, and so forth—matters certainly very suggestive of a "show of satisfaction."

#### LEGAL FICTION AND MORAL FACT.

IF the intelligent foreigner ever amuses himself with the perusal of English law reports, he will probably find it a little difficult to understand the case of SUMNER v. KINGSCOTE. In disentangling the complications of this remarkable trial our acute but alien friend will have to begin at the beginning. SUMNER v. KINGSCOTE means, so far as it means anything, KINGSCOTE v. HOARE. Colonel KINGSCOTE applied to the Chancery Division to commit Mr. HOARE to gaol for disobeying a previous order of the Court. Mr. Justice CHITTY refused to do this, but he directed Mr. HOARE to pay the costs of making and resisting the motion for his own imprisonment, which, as we have said, proved unsuccessful. The order which Mr. HOARE was accused of disobeying forbade him to hold any communication with Miss BEATRICE SUMNER while she was a ward in Chancery. Miss SUMNER is now three-and-twenty years of age, so that she has ceased for more than a twelve-month to be under tutelage of any kind. The order was dated the 20th of December, 1881, so that the only acts of Mr. HOARE material to the case must have been committed between that day and the attainment by Miss SUMNER of her majority in 1883. The evidence against Mr. HOARE, by which of course we mean the legal evidence, was of the flimsiest kind. He seems, indeed, to have been very sensible of the risk which he would run if he defied the law, and to have confined himself very scrupulously to the exact terms of the prohibition. It was, indeed, argued by Mr. INCE that Mr. HOARE might be punished for contumacy in associating with Miss SUMNER after she was *sui juris*. But Mr. Justice CHITTY refused to countenance this view, which would, he thought, seriously abridge the liberty of the subject. There must, indeed, be very few precedents, if there are any, for the application which Mr. INCE made. "Men have died, and worms have eaten them," but not for love. Wards in Chancery have been married, and their husbands have languished in dungeons for "contempt," but not after the young ladies were twenty-one. Mr. Justice CHITTY described himself as *parens patriæ*, but even that exalted title does not give him jurisdiction over HER MAJESTY'S subjects of full age. The only person who seems to have really committed a breach of the order was not Mr. HOARE, but Lady CHOLMONDELEY, who sent him letters from Miss SUMNER, and whom Mr. Justice CHITTY thoughtfully informed that the Courts had authority over both sexes alike. There was, indeed, some evidence that Major KINGSCOTE, who declined to face cross-examination, had also set the Chancery Division at defiance by endeavouring to bring Miss SUMNER and Mr. HOARE together. But all this, however interesting, was no reason for abridging the personal freedom of Mr. HOARE. The only relevant misdeed which could be brought home to him was, that when he received letters not addressed by Miss SUMNER, and found that they were in reality from her, he put them into the fire, instead of sending them to the High Court of Justice (Chancery Division). That, according to Mr. Justice CHITTY, is what he ought to have done. But, after all, as another Judge said, there is a good deal of human nature in people.

So much for the legal aspect of this case. The moral and social nature of it is very different. There is no use in attempting to conceal what has been published in every daily newspaper throughout England. Mr. HOARE, a married man, seduced Miss SUMNER, and is the father of her child. The child was born when Miss SUMNER was very nearly twenty-two, and, in ordinary circumstances, no

Court, except a matrimonial one, could have had anything to do with the matter. But Mr. HOARE began his attentions to Miss SUMNER at a very early age; and when she was nineteen, she was made a ward of Court in order to protect her from his pursuit. Such is the origin of the remarkable application which Mr. Justice CHITTY has just dismissed. The English law, more careful of property than of persons, only interferes when the modern representative of the old Court of Chancery is constituted guardian of a girl's worldly goods. These may be very slender. The principle is the same. Miss SUMNER's father could of course have forbidden her to meet Mr. HOARE. He could even have shut her up in her room, like CLARISSA HARLOWE, if she had proved contumacious. But the days of Queen VICTORIA are not as the days of GEORGE II., and Holloway Gaol for the gentleman is more secure than her bedroom for the lady. *Inclusam Danaen*—but we will not continue the quotation. In this case the intervention of Chancery was too early or too late. Miss SUMNER had already become attached to Mr. HOARE when she was made a ward, and, as soon as she was able to do as she pleased, she placed herself under his protection. Her father was in the pecuniary condition of the RAWDON CRAWLEYS and other elegant ornaments of society, and Mr. HOARE was politely requested to advance the sum of three thousand pounds. In these circumstances the stranger to our customs already referred to might well ask himself why this case was brought into Court at all. Colonel KINGSCOTE appeared as trustee to protect his niece and to invoke the powers of Chancery. What good could he hope to do? Miss SUMNER can no longer be restrained from acting as she thinks fit. If Mr. HOARE had been committed to the custody of the tipstaff for a while, that would scarcely have put matters straight. No doubt Colonel KINGSCOTE has succeeded in making things very unpleasant for Mr. HOARE, and in exposing one of the seamiest sides of modern society. But the poor girl's name has been dragged before the public in a most disagreeable way; and, though these things are soon forgotten, the exposure cannot but affect her future prospects. The entire proceedings came very near to being an abuse of the process of the Court. A Judge of the Chancery Division is not, at all events now that Sir RICHARD MALINS is no more, a Cadi sitting to reward the virtuous and to punish the wicked. A legal tribunal does not exist for the purpose of dragging scandals into notoriety, nor should the public time be wasted in such a manner. If anything could have been done for Miss SUMNER, no earthly consideration should have been allowed to stand in the way. As it is, we should hardly know what to answer if the aforesaid foreigner inquired why such a very repulsive and discreditable narrative was told at full length by learned counsel in the Royal Courts of Justice.

#### CONTRABAND OF WAR.

THE history of the present war between France and China is fertile in expedients, political and military. M. FERRY has contrived to make war in defiance of the Constitution, by ingeniously calling it a measure of retaliation, or intelligent mischief, or something else equally clever, and so has got money from the Chambers without asking their permission to fight, as he is bound to do by law. On the coast of China the French commanders have had recourse to various similar stratagems, though not with equally uniform success. Their last manœuvre has been an attempt to secure all the advantages of blockade without going to the trouble of maintaining one. It would unquestionably tend to bring China to reason if its trade could be wholly stopped. Since the great canal which connects Peking with the South has become useless, the Northern provinces have been supplied by sea, and a great coast trade has been developed. By putting a stop to this the French would undoubtedly hit the Court very hard, but this desirable result is not easy to obtain. If all the food needed at Peking was carried in junks, Admiral COURBET could make short work of the trade. Half a dozen gunboats in convenient places would stop it at once. But the destruction of native shipping would leave the Court at Peking not much worse off than before. There is a considerable body of European shipping, mostly English, but in part German, engaged in the carrying trade on the Chinese coast, and since the war began they have got almost all of it into their hands. As long as these vessels have free way, rice, which is the staple food of China, can be brought to Peking in any quantities along with every other kind of goods. It stands to reason that the

French would gain enormously by stopping this trade. The obvious and quite legitimate way of doing so would be to establish a blockade, but that is a laborious and costly method. A very much stronger force than Admiral COURBET has at command would be needed to shut up all the coast of China. In this dilemma, the French being very anxious to starve out the Court at Peking, and equally anxious to do it cheaply, have been necessitated to cast about for some other resource.

The measure they have hit on has certainly a good deal to recommend it. They have quietly proceeded to declare that everything which is of the slightest use to the Chinese is contraband of war. Now this "military operation," or "piece of intelligent mischief," or whatever else it is, is so far justifiable that nobody has ever yet been able to settle satisfactorily what is and what is not contraband of war. The great GROTIUS, the learned BYNKERSHOEK, the judicious VATTTEL, the wise POTHIER, together with many other estimable persons, have written at large on the subject. Treaties enough to load an Indiaman have been made between nations to put the matter beyond doubt. Unhappily it remains as obscure as ever, for the opinions of GROTIUS, BYNKERSHOEK, &c., bind nobody, and treaties have been found to be no obstacle to Powers strong enough to disregard them. With these facts in their memory, it has appeared to the French a timely and convenient thing to apply the words contraband of war as a spell, and thereby save themselves the trouble of establishing even a paper blockade. They have declared rice and other things contraband, and claim to stop ships carrying them, leaving the owners the resource of appealing to a French prize court, which is, under the circumstances, manifestly likely to be an impartial tribunal. Hereupon disputes have arisen, and are likely to arise. It would obviously make things much too easy for any belligerent, and produce intolerable loss to neutrals, if a State which wanted to make war in a cheap way were at liberty to declare anything contraband of war. A belligerent has not only to think about his own convenience, but to calculate how far the patience of neutrals will go. There are, of course, certain articles which are manifestly contraband of war. Gunpowder, cannon, fittings for gun-carriages, cavalry saddles and sabres may not be wanted for military operations; but it is very unlikely that they would be imported in war time for any other purpose. By the common consent of the world these things may be stopped at sea. Then there are goods which nobody thinks of using for military operations. All authorities are agreed that a cargo of pianofortes could not be fairly considered contraband of war, though on this point doubt may arise in the course of these operations. The question might come on for decision whether, seeing that the Chinese have used noisy instruments to terrify their enemies, and seeing that a piano-organ is a noisy instrument, it is not possible that a piano-organ is at least *incipitibus usûs*? A French prize court might find a difficulty in deciding. Indeed, all the trouble is about these things which are *incipitibus usûs*. Food, for instance, is useful both for civilians and soldiers. From one point of view it has appeared obvious that the right to prevent the carrying of food to your enemy was included in the right to put him beyond the need of food. From another point of view it appears equally obvious that, as all men must eat, and the soldier does not eat as soldier but as man, it is contrary to all principles of morals to prevent neutrals carrying food to your enemies, except to a besieged town or blockaded port. A convenient example of a thing *incipitibus usûs* is afforded by the case of the *Glenroy*. Lead is used for making bullets, but it is also used for the innocent purpose of lining tea-chests. Here, then, is a difficulty. Are the French, or are they not, entitled to seize all lead at sea as contraband of war on the ground that it may be used for making bullets, even though the particular consignment they have laid hands on was destined to line tea-chests? Such are the questions which arise concerning those things which are *incipitibus usûs*.

On this point history, which, as HUME has judiciously observed, is the Great Mistress of Wisdom, does not unhappily throw much light. The student of international law finds himself in much the same position as the person who strives after constitutional orthodoxy. He sees precedents on his right hand, and again precedents on his left, and, for aught he can find, the one set is as good as the other. Some countries have been extreme in their interpretation of the rights of belligerents, and others not. England, for example, used to go on root-and-branch

principles. Not only did we declare corn contraband of war, and treat it as such for some time, but we always seized the spars, tar, and hemp of the Baltic in neutral vessels whenever we were at war with France or Holland, and any Swede or Dane looked as if he was going to Brest or the Texel. These proceedings did not pass uncriticized by the neutrals. On the contrary, they considered them an outrage on the most elementary principles of morals, and quoted much eloquence in support of their contention. It was not observed, however, that the protests or the eloquence produced any visible effect. The captains of His Majesty's ships and vessels of war were never known to be a penny the worse for all the cursing; nor has the ghost of BYNKERSHOEK been known to haunt the House of Commons. After a time the student begins, however, to see a way out of his difficulty. After a careful comparison of examples it becomes gradually plainer that the severe view of the rights of belligerents has been commonly taken by the strong, while the weak have appealed to moral principles. International law, in short, is found to be nothing more nor less than our old friends the law of the strongest and the right of the sword. Keeping that in view, it becomes possible to define what is contraband of war with some approach to precision. It is, in the first place, those things which have been accepted as contraband by the common consent and common sense of nations, and about which there is no sort of doubt. In the second place, it is whatever part of A's property B. is strong enough to seize with impunity. With these definitions in hand it ought to be easy to decide on the merits of any particular French claim in the China seas. There is no question at all about their right to seize firearms and such like manifest munitions of war. Neither will there be much inclination to object to their interference with the lead trade, since that metal is more likely to be melted into bullets than used to line tea-chests in the present condition of Chinese affairs. When it comes to rice, however, we are of opinion that we have not yet fallen so nearly to the position of the Swedish convoy, on the seizure of which Lord STOWELL delivered a memorable judgment, as to put up with having it treated as contraband of war in our vessels. We do not care a jot what disrespect the French show to the memory of VATTTEL, but we do think it slightly impertinent in them to take such liberties with us. It is therefore satisfactory to know that they have already been warned to keep their hands off. What remains to be done now seems very obvious. Our Government should proceed to draw up a list of things which it will allow to be treated as contraband under the English flag. It will, as our purest French friends have already found out to their annoyance, include coal. Then our Government may proceed to inquire into the truth of the rumour that French prize courts have one law for German ships and another for English. The distinction would be quite in keeping with the principles of international law, which has always seen a great difference between the strong and the weak—but then it depends largely on ourselves whether we are to be treated on the latter footing.

#### THE SURRENDER IN AFGHANISTAN.

BY gentle gradations, and with a delicacy which proves him to have been quite unjustly accused of indifference to the national susceptibilities, Mr. GLADSTONE has broken it to the country that he has once more struck the English flag to a foreign Power. That he has condescended to inform us of this little incident of warfare, so soon after its occurrence, is a concession for which we have nobody to thank but himself. The highly important duty of interrogating the Government upon their Afghan policy has, through the voluntary self-effacement of the Conservative leader in the House of Commons, devolved almost wholly upon Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT; and, backed as Mr. GLADSTONE is by that dutiful *claque* behind him, compared with which the courtiers of ZADIG would have been remarkable for their sturdy independence of judgment, it is not likely that Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT's questions could have extracted anything from him against his will. Yesterday week, however, the PRIME MINISTER resolved, for reasons of his own, to take Parliament and the public into one corner of his confidence. He informed the House of Commons that he had concluded an agreement with Russia whereby that Power undertook to make no further advance from the positions at present occupied by her "on debatable or debated ground." Interrogated as to the time for which this agreement was to last, Mr. GLADSTONE made



two or three statements, each more miraculously contorted than the last, and finally elected to stand by the very convenient formula that the agreement would subsist "as long as there was occasion for it." Further interrogated as to the date from which the agreement was supposed to have commenced, Mr. GLADSTONE returned no answer at all, either straight or twisted. So much for the information of the first day. On the Monday following, after rumours of dissatisfaction within the Cabinet, the PREMIER apprised the House that the so-called agreement—which he now preferred to call an "arrangement"—was based upon an offer made to and transmitted by Sir EDWARD THORNTON from St. Petersburg eight days before; but that, though it was a little stale, it would be all right, for Lord GRANVILLE had telegraphed to the Russian Government on the previous Saturday to inquire whether it was all right or not. Next day came a prompt answer from St. Petersburg, relieving the minds of the anxious Government, who had demanded the retreat of Russia, by the assurance that Russia would not advance. Her troops, she graciously promised, should not seize upon any new positions in the debatable or debated ground, "provided the Afghan forces do not advance or attack, or unless in case of some extraordinary reason, such, for instance, as disturbance at Penjdeh." At this juncture, however, it occurred to a captious member of the Opposition to remind the PRIME MINISTER of a point possessing a certain plausible relevancy to the matter in hand. Mr. STANHOPE recalled the fact that in December last HER MAJESTY'S Government had called upon Russia to retire from the far less advanced position in Afghan territory which at that date she occupied; and he asked whether that demand had been withdrawn. No; he was told the demand had not exactly been withdrawn, but it had "undoubtedly lapsed"; and there was an end of that day's mild cross-examination. One more question and answer has to be added in order to complete the account of the new situation. Sir HENRY TYLER very pertinently inquired whether "any approximate date could now be fixed for the commencement of the proceedings for a joint delimitation of the Afghan frontier by Sir PETER LUMSDEN and the Russian Commissioner, or whether the arrival of the Russian Commissioner on the Afghan frontier is no longer expected." To which Mr. GLADSTONE replied, with what in any one but Mr. GLADSTONE might be suspected for a touch of ironical humour, that as soon as he was in a position to fix the date of the Russian Commissioner's arrival he would communicate it to Parliament.

The week has been so fruitful in disclosures, and the PRIME MINISTER's strategic movements to the rear have been executed with such extraordinary expedition, that those who have to follow him may be excused for being somewhat in the condition of Time in a certain well-known passage of English poetry. This result of having to "toil after" Mr. GLADSTONE when he is once fairly in retreat has been observed before. The time, however, has arrived when we may perhaps come to a halt, and look back over the space we have traversed since yesterday week. Up till about five o'clock on that day it was fondly believed by certain gentlemen who sit behind the Treasury Bench (not in the corner-seats), and anxiously feared by certain gentlemen occupying seats below the gangway on the Ministerial side, that Mr. GLADSTONE had "put his foot down." He had temperately, but unconditionally and firmly, demanded the withdrawal of Russia from positions seized by her upon territory of which she had agreed to refer the ownership to the investigation of a committee of experts jointly appointed by herself and us; and from this demand, eminently just as it was, and strictly expository of the "national policy" to which Mr. GLADSTONE had but a few days back so significantly referred, he would not—he could not recede. That was the belief when the House met on Friday evening; but before its separation it was known that Mr. GLADSTONE had receded from his demand. A few days later, the vague understanding which he had substituted for that demand became more clearly known; yet another day or two, and the total absence even of any argumentative defence for the surrender became apparent; and it is now as good as certain that Mr. GLADSTONE has backed down not only without show of defence, but without a particle even of pretended compensation; that his capitulation has been, in fact, as unconditional as was the demand which he had withdrawn. Of course Mr. GLADSTONE's apologists in the English press, or rather his apologist—for we are not aware that he has more than one, and that one only at his service when he is cordially co-operating with Russia—

endeavours to make out that the demand of Russian retirement was withdrawn because it had simply been made under a misconception. This singular advocate seizes upon the PRIME MINISTER's statement that he had addressed the demand of last December in the belief that the territory Russia was then occupying was Afghan; and it was quite a new light to him that she alleged this territory to be Russian. And what a pity it was, added the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that statesmen should not, before taking important action, acquaint themselves with the facts. Acquaint themselves with the facts! It was necessary then to know, as a matter of notified fact, and not merely as an *à priori* conclusion of common sense, that a Power in occupation of certain irregularly seized positions would allege on being challenged that it had a right to them. In the absence of information to the contrary, it was to be assumed that Russia would pretend no title to Pul-i-khatun and Ak-Robat and the Zulfikar Pass; would indeed frankly admit that they belonged to Afghanistan, but would add that, having robbed the AMEER of them, she meant to keep them. And had Mr. GLADSTONE doubted for a moment that this would be the reply to the English demand for retirement, had he for a moment expected that Russia would actually allege that the places she was called upon to evacuate belonged to her, he never, never would have categorically demanded their evacuation at all.

Let us waste no more time over such gross insults to the public intelligence as these. No child is capable of being deceived by the pretence that Mr. GLADSTONE was unprepared for a Russian claim of right when he made the demand for retirement, and that he only withdrew it in consequence of such a claim being set up. Any child who has ever played at "King of the Castle" knows that the reason why the demand was withdrawn was because it was firmly resisted; that the sole reason why Mr. GLADSTONE did not insist on Russia's going back to her former positions was simply that Russia refused to do so. Had the Russian claim of right even taken him, as is now pretended, by surprise, it would not in the least have affected the situation. What has a litigant's allegation of title to a piece of land got to do with the question of his right to seize and hold it *pendente lite*? If the title to this and that position on the Afghan-Turkoman border were not in dispute, there would have been no need for a frontier Commission at all, and Russia would never have been invited to assent, or have assented, to that engagement which she is unwillingly, and as it would now appear unresistedly, violating. Nothing, in short, has occurred to affect the justice and reasonableness of the demand which has been allowed to "lapse"; what has happened is simply the discovery that the responsibility of adhering to it is more serious. Mr. GLADSTONE has not been turned from his purpose by plea or argument; he has been merely driven back by that before which he has always quailed—defiance. And what is the new position which he has taken up and to which he commits the country? Assuming, for a moment, that he was right to waive the demand on Russia; assuming that it were well, for the sake of peace, to say to the Russians, "You may provisionally retain the positions you occupy until the dispute is settled," with what peremptory condition would any Minister who was acting from forbearance, and not fear, have inevitably coupled this concession? Why, surely with the condition that, without one single day's further delay, Russia should carry out her engagements by sending her Commissioner to the frontier. Without an immediate undertaking to this effect, without a pledge to do this within a short fixed time (during which alone the *status quo* arrangement should hold good), no English Government, even the most peace-loving, ought to have been able to reconcile to their consciences the waiver of their original demand. But can Mr. GLADSTONE allege that he has imposed any such condition? He has as good as admitted that he has not. He has done nothing to provide against Russia diplomatizing in London at her leisure, and bringing up her reinforcements in the meantime with all possible speed.

#### CLOCKS IN THE WEST RIDING.

THE West Riding of Yorkshire is specially notable for its clock, and for the affectionate way in which that clock is regarded by the peasantry. There are circumstances about the clocks we speak of that render them both sacred and remarkable, for they have ticked through many a well-remembered hour of happiness or of pain—through a century or more, indeed—and they are, besides, the work of skilled mechanics, who

established a well-marked local industry, that died out within easy memory. So it happens that clocks are regarded in West Yorkshire with a warm affection, and that their owners feel a pang in parting with them, as they would at the drawing of a tooth or the excision of a nail. The local manufacture flourished in a period that may roughly be measured by the long reign of George III. At that time almost every village had its clockmaker, who was a man possessing both scientific knowledge and technical skill, and who for these reasons came to be highly esteemed in his district, and was referred to as an authority in matters beyond the ken of most people. Then he was an artist, too, a man trained in the chasing of metal—and very well he did it—for he had brass faces of clocks to adorn and other work to do for the gratification of exacting patrons. It is true that the making of clocks was often departmental, and was given out to men skilled in its several branches; but still the clockworkers were men of no small knowledge and technical power. If a father wanted to make a wedding present to a younger son, he very often endowed him with a clock, since he could not inherit the ancestral one. Then the visit to the clock-maker would be an important matter, and there would be weighty questions to settle. Should it be an eight-days clock? Yes, certainly; that was not difficult to decide upon. But what kind of face should it have; should it be of brass, with a silvered dial, and should it have *ormolu* mountings, or be chased to the utmost of the maker's skill? Then the tone of the bell must be considered, and whether the hammer should be faced with horn or bone, or with a bit of hard oak, or only with a softer wood; for the metal hammer was rarely allowed to strike the bell. Finally, came the question of the case; and here other aid was called in. It required a trained eye and a nice sense of proportion to design a case that would exactly be appropriate for the clock. The case-maker was a skilled carpenter, one who could cut beautiful and accurate mouldings, and who understood panelling and inlay; and he must have a knowledge of architecture too. The clockmaker would supply him with Queen Anne balls of metal for the top, or with Corinthian or Ionic caps and bases in brass for his pillars, if he needed them, and with mountings for the door also; but it would be for the maker of the case to prescribe the appropriate design, to advise as to the kind of wood to be used; whether it should be oak—to which he had a very strong leaning—or mahogany, or walnut; and he might be called upon for elaborate inlays, or even for carved panels of different woods.

The clock-maker's scientific knowledge lay much in the direction of astronomy, for there he was chiefly called upon to exercise it. The majority of the works produced in the West Riding in the palmy days of the art have a black disc, affixed by its centre, as a pivot, at the top of the brass face, behind which it makes a semi-revolution during a lunar month. Half of this disc, which itself is as large as the clock-dial, appears above the face, and has painted upon it a moon the size of a large orange and a number of stars in silver. The young moon rises on the left from behind a black semicircle of its own diameter, and slowly increases day by day until it reaches the full and appears as a silver circle upon a black, star-sprinkled background; then it descends on the right behind a similar black semicircle, and, just as it is lost to view, another moon on the second half of the black disc begins to show itself on the left. The age of the moon may be learned from figures cut on a brass rim which surrounds the lunar semicircle. This astronomical arrangement was made by Batty, Jackson, Lister, and others. Some clocks, differing from these, have a small round aperture in the face itself, behind which a silver moon shows itself as the month goes on. One so designed was a wedding-present in the first half of the last century, and the first possessor has written his own name, with that of his bride, inside the case-door. This clock was made by Richard Midgley, and has the motto *Dum spectas fugio* over the dial. The defect of the lunar arrangement described is that the moon never appears gibbous, but is always, in its phases, a circle with a crescent-shaped piece cut out of it. This circumstance led some mechanicians, amongst whom was one John Bothomley, to make the moon globular, one hemisphere being silver and the other black, and it was placed in an ornamental semicircle above the face and revolved within a bevelled recess. Thus the actual appearance of the changing moon was produced; but clocks of this kind are rare, and we have seen only four or five.

The clock-face, which supported this lunar orrery, was of brass, and the dial-circle, which had the hours beautifully engraved upon it and coloured black, was of silver. The white-painted faces which are often seen on "grandfathers' clocks" are altogether later or more degenerate productions. The clock-hands were frequently of wrought-iron in elegant designs, and below them was an arrangement for showing the day of the month, produced by a circular plate turning behind the face.

The case was a beautiful piece of carpenter's work. The "head," which enclosed the works, had usually Ionic or Corinthian pillars, or pilasters, at each side, supporting the top, which was of Queen Anne design, and often terminated with three brass balls. The "body" of the clock was narrow, sometimes so narrow that there were apertures at the sides to admit of the swing of the pendulum, and it was connected with the head by a number of mouldings. In some cases the clock-door had a bevelled glass panel in it, to admit of the large brass pendulum-bob being seen. The base of the clock was again broad and massive, and supported the whole structure with becoming dignity.

It was on a very hot day in July, when the sun shone fiercely

from an almost cloudless sky, that a certain adventurer resolved to go out into several country places in West Yorkshire in quest of clocks. He did not, indeed, propose to purchase them, for he had enough already; but he wished to see in what sort of places they were to be found, and what manner of people possessed them. His first visit was to a house whose rough, weather-beaten stones, touched with moss here and there, testified to the passage of two hundred and fifty years or so, such a house as you will find in many places thereabouts. It had been a toilsome journey up the steep hill-side, across the fields, and as he approached the house he could see little sign of habitation, and many of the panes between the thick stone mullions were broken. However, the porch afforded a seat, and, as luck had it, water also, for a stream had been conducted in a channel through the house, and fell plashing into a trough by the door, whence it found its way to irrigate the garden below. Thirst quenched, a mighty iron knocker affixed to an oaken door, seamed by years, and studded with great nails, told to the inhabitants, or would have told them had any one been there, that a stranger was without. The door indeed was open, but when the visitor's summons received no response he did not dare to enter, but turned instead into the rose-garden, and there he saw a great, rugged old man striding across the fields. He awaited his coming in the shadow of a yew-tree. The inquiry was put as to clocks, and the farmer replied in a stentorian voice that told he had been accustomed to shout across the fields, "Han we gotten a clock? Aye, an' a rare un, too. Coom in wi' ye." Entering the house, the pair passed through a deserted room with a stone floor, where remains of old hand-loom weavers yet were fixed to the ceiling, and straightway the mind was carried back to George III.'s days, to the bread-riots, the window-tax, and all the ills of peasant life in those times. Then they passed through a cool, darksome dairy, where great pans of milk stood on the stone slabs, and the old man said that the womankind had gone to the fields to tend the cows. Next they entered the parlour, fashioned in Elizabethan sort, with mullioned windows, and diamond panes, and a great arched fireplace, and much furniture, too, in the way of chests and chairs of the date. But there, in the corner by the fire, stood the clock, dated 1753, made by one Jackson, as his name on the face testified. It was one such as is described above in its mechanical arrangements, and the case was very beautifully inlaid with light wood in plant and animal forms. The visitor praised the clock, and the farmer pulled the repeater-string at the side to show the sweet tone of the bell, whose notes reverberated through the solitary chambers. The old timekeeper was evidently an object of pride and pleasure to its owner, and its polished case told that his wife and daughters bestowed upon it much bees-wax and turpentine, and not a little of what they call in those parts "elbow-grease." Before the visitor departed he was provided with an immense bowl of butter-milk, which his politeness constrained him to drink, though his unaccustomed palate did not relish the beverage; and the old man directed him on his way, saying:—"If yo'll goa across th' field yonder to Dick o' th' Hay-moo's"—that being the appellation of a neighbour, whose house was visible across the narrow valley—"he's gotten a two-three clocks you might look at."

"Dick o' th' Hay-moo" was in the "lathe" or the "mistal," attending to the duties of his farm, but his wife, a "throdgy-body"—i.e. a buxom, likely person—with half a dozen children clinging to her apron-string, bade the visitor enter. This house was dated, on the lintel of the door, 1775, but its diamond panes had been replaced by plate-glass in white-painted frames, and honeysuckles looked in at the window, while sunflowers and hollyhocks bloomed in the garden below. The place was scrupulously clean, as most cottages are in those parts, and every bit of metal was polished until it shone with the reflected brilliance of the outside day. The clock stood in the corner—a fine, tall specimen, in a black oak case, plainly made, but of exquisite proportions; and the circular silver dial, which was affixed to a gold-lacquered face, had its corners filled in with rich *ormolu* mountings of Cupids and birds. The moon was a sphere, but it was a small one, and a hand indicated its age on a row of figures engraved round the middle of it. The other clock which the house boasted of was in an upper chamber. Its case was of mahogany, plainly inlaid with boxwood; but the design was very heavy, and the clock was of a late and degenerate order, for the face was painted white, with rosy Cupids disposed about its centre. Before the clock-hunter left, the good woman told him that they had a curious specimen next door—for the house was part of an old hall divided into cottages—and, indeed, upon the wall there, above the fireplace, affixed actually in the middle of the Royal arms, which had been displayed in plaster by some loyal cavalier, was a small brass clock without a wooden case, whose pendulum swung below. It was probably of Elizabethan date, and had but one hand pointing to the hours; the figures were black-letter, and the bell crowned the whole. No name was upon it, and most likely it had come from a distance. The day's journey revealed a number of other clocks of similar types, but varying in special characteristics; and they were found in strange, quaint places, and in the possession of genuine and original people.

This was some years ago. If one took the same route now, the same folk might, indeed, perhaps be found, genuine and original yet, but somewhat older and more weather-beaten withal. As to the clocks, it would not be prudent to say where they are, lest the emissaries of Wardour Street carry them off to less appropriate surroundings and place them in the hands of less disinterested custodians. The hunter of curios and of relics of old time has,



in fact, swept off many a clock that its poverty-stricken owner valued, and a blank is where the clock stood. But the peasant sits the long winter evenings through, and, as he thinks of the times when it ticked him to rest as a child, the echo of its voice sounds sweetly in the depths of his affections still.

## TWO LETTERS.

IF there were not one serious drawback to the famous fable of the Two Huntsmen and its numerous variants—that you never can get the victim to look at the two huntsmen in the proper light—it might be worth the while of the great Liberal party to perpend the story with a special reference to two letters published this week. One is the letter of Mr. Chamberlain to Sir Frederick Milner, and the other the letter of Mr. Goschen to the Ripon Caucus. In those two letters their weal and woe, their boot and bale, are indicated pretty distinctly, and the fact that one more particularly bears on the character of a man and the other on the character of a system does not much matter.

We may possibly have no further occasion to refer to the matter of the Aston Riots; but it is at least satisfactory that, if the present occasion is the last, it is one on which there is no necessity to unsay anything that we have said. We happened to remark this day month that "Mr. Chamberlain had taken no notice, and would doubtless take no notice, of the demands of Mr. Jarvis and other people that they should not be libelled under privilege of Parliament." Mr. Chamberlain has justified us amply, for he has taken no notice, or rather such notice as is worse than none. Nervous people might in our place have been frightened at the assiduity with which Sir Frederick Milner offered Mr. Chamberlain places of repentance. We cannot say that we ever felt the slightest tremor. Mr. Chamberlain, being Mr. Chamberlain, could not have behaved otherwise than he has behaved. But we must admit, not for the first time, that he has really surpassed himself. In his last communication to Sir Frederick he is Mr. Chamberlain, and much more also. The member for York, finding it impossible to bring Mr. Chamberlain to a sense of decency in Parliament, wrote him a letter, of which we shall merely say that it would have been a pity that so good a letter should have been thrown away, only that it was not thrown away at all. Sir Frederick wrote as one gentleman to another (which was, to say the least, generous). He put the case with perfect fairness and frankness, and he disclaimed very earnestly any underhand or evil motive. Indeed, he need hardly have done this; for he was, in fact, giving Mr. Chamberlain a very great and a very undeserved advantage. If Mr. Chamberlain had taken this advantage; if he had said that, imagining Sir Frederick to be trying to entrap him in the House, he had stood off; but that, after such an appeal, he could not, &c., &c., he would have made it impossible for any but the mere scavengers and camp-followers of the Conservative party to do anything but accept his apology. We—all gentlemen of every side of politics—might have thought his repentance rather tardy, but should have been bound to welcome him back to the fold and to make no recrimination. But this is just what your—well, let us say your Mr. Chamberlains—never can see. They may possibly agree with Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone in laying down that "Sorry for it is all that a gentleman can say"; but apparently they conceive (and they must know best) that they do not come within the terms of the statute. They think that they shall be exposing themselves to some loss, giving some advantage, undergoing some humiliation; whereas, of course, the other people who do come within the Hildebrandian law know that, if anything, the frank apologist positively takes the upper hand by his apology. So Mr. Chamberlain hardened his heart; and, as we should have been the first to congratulate him on softening it, we may say very freely that our congratulation would have been mingled with a great deal of unexpressed wonder. Unexpressed, mind you; for in that company from which Mr. Chamberlain has just finally and satisfactorily excluded himself it is not usual to insult suppliants. This also Mr. Chamberlain very naturally does not know, and for want of the knowledge he commits his crowning blunder in his reply to Sir Frederick. Sir Frederick had, as we have said, begged Mr. Chamberlain to accept his assurance of perfect freedom from *animus*. Mark Mr. Chamberlain's acceptance. He is bound, he says, to accept Sir Frederick's assurance that he acted, not from personal motives, but from a desire "to protect the honour and dignity of the House of Commons and the interests of justice and truth." Now, as it happens, Sir Frederick had never said "a desire to protect," but simply "on account of." Having thus put words in his opponent's mouth, Mr. Chamberlain proceeds to insult him for them, requesting "permission to doubt whether you possess the experience or the qualifications necessary for the discharge of so great a task." That is again quite in the style of your—well, as we said before—of your Mr. Chamberlains. They accept an assurance, and accompany the acceptance with a flout—a flout, moreover, at what their correspondent has not said. For the experience, Sir Frederick Milner is, no doubt, not a father of the House of Commons; but it is scarcely so many years since Mr. Chamberlain displaced his hapless Dixon warming-pan and stepped into the representation of Birmingham that he should give himself the airs of a Mr. Gladstone or a Mr. Christopher Talbot. And, as for qualifications, if the qualifications necessary to vindicate justice, truth, and the honour of Par-

liament are reading false affidavits in the House of Commons and refusing to apologize for it, Sir Frederick Milner may be very thankful that he has not got them.

The correspondence on this subject, published by the Birmingham papers, is naturally fuller than that which appears in London journals, and Sir Frederick Milner's last attempt to exhort the impenitent is illustrated and diversified in the *Birmingham Gazette* by some very edifying correspondence between Mr. Frank Smith, Mr. Satchell Hopkins, Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Chamberlain himself, into the details of which it is not necessary to enter. It illustrates, however, very well Mr. Chamberlain's view of the situation, which is, apparently, that he is bound to reproduce any slanders which his jackals at Birmingham may pick up against his political foes; that he is not bound to reproduce any apology which those jackals may make for those slanders; that he may fairly claim the benefit of the false affidavits with which he warded off Lord Randolph Churchill's attack, but is entirely free from any duty to retract the statements thus made when they are shown to be false. This being the case, it need only be repeated that Mr. Chamberlain has acted with perfect consistency throughout, and that he is entitled to the credit of being totally free from the least hypocrisy. Henceforward every one who is himself guided by what are called the laws of honour will know exactly what the laws are by which Mr. Chamberlain is guided; every one who wishes for accurate information will remember, when Mr. Chamberlain makes a statement, the names of Reed, Mack, and Smith; every one who makes an arrangement with Mr. Chamberlain's presumed agents and confederates will remember that in Mr. Chamberlain's view the arrangement is binding for Mr. Chamberlain's advantage, not binding for his disadvantage or discomfort. It is of considerable value to have so much information as to the rules of conduct which govern a prominent politician.

We have said that Mr. Goschen's letter touches a somewhat different class of phenomena. But nothing Caucasian is alien from Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Gladstone's, sometime First Lord of the Admiralty, and his present President of the Board of Trade, are such representative types of the two principles of modern Liberalism that nothing they do or say can well help exemplifying their antagonism. The Ripon Caucus, it may be remembered, passed one of the usual Caucus resolutions (Form X, Series Y, of Mr. Schnadhorst's *Principles and Procedure of the Complete Caucus*) rebuking Mr. Goschen's vote the other day. We told a fortnight since the little game of another similar body with Mr. Goschen at Edinburgh. This latter, having no direct connexion with him, Mr. Goschen let alone, but on the Caucus of the town once renowned for spurs he fell promptly, and smote them hip and thigh as though with one of the big bones which the sextons show in the crypt of their minster. Mr. Goschen may say of the Ripon Caucus what Brother Michael said of the Friars of Rubygill, "I have grievously beaten my dearly beloved constituents; I grieve thereat; but they enforced me thereto. I have beaten them much." First of all Mr. Goschen (regardless of the sanctity of Form X, Series Y) ventures to question the procedure of the Ripon Caucus, which, indeed, seems to have been very much like that which the *Scotsman* exposed so unkindly in Edinburgh—a snap vote and no notice. Then the member for Ripon attacks the phrase "vote hostile to the party of which he claimed to be a member," and leaves that phrase in woful case, pointing out, as we and other humble persons have ventured to point out before, that, if it has any meaning, debates, divisions, and everything else become a farce. Next he points out how odd it is that Mr. John Morley and other opponents of the Government from the Radical side escape entirely the operation of Form X, Series Y, and suggests as explanation the principle that "it is allowable to vote against your party, but only when it is certain that such a vote will not place them in a minority." All which done, and done very neatly, Mr. Goschen pays a handsome compliment to the "indulgence and kindness of his constituents at Ripon" (a cruel hint this that Mr. Schnadhorst's representatives in St. Wilfrid's City are a very small proportion of that constituency), and bowing himself out with great dignity, leaves the City of Ripon Liberal Association feeling (unless Yorkshiremen are much duller of apprehension than they used to be when we knew a good deal about them) very small indeed.

Such are the figures cut respectively this week by two of the most prominent, perhaps we may say by the two most prominent, representatives of the two kinds of Liberalism now current. For our parts we own to an extraordinary pleasure in looking on this picture and on that, especially set as they both are in a sweetly arranged frame of Caucus proceedings. Here is the man whom the Caucus delights to honour and to provide with affidavits; there is the man whom it delights to dishonour, and whom it provides with votes of censure duly filled up on Form X, Series Y. Sir Frederick Milner has left it to "men of honour" (the jury won't be locked up long) to decide between himself and Mr. Chamberlain, and when they have given their verdict they may as well take in hand the other interesting case of Ripon Caucus v. Goschen (or "the Office of Caucus promoted by Schnadhorst against Goschen") and let us have a verdict on that too. The new Magna Charta, *We will not grant to any man redress for any wrong we have done him*, forms as appropriate an epigraph for the one picture as the new Whole Duty of Members, *Always vote with your party, except when there is no danger of your party being in a minority*, does for the other. Both illustrate very cheerfully that happy

Radical future when Mr. Chamberlain shall put to ransom every man that has a pocket, and read affidavits about every man that has a reputation, while all our consciences and conducts shall be directed by bodies like the Ripon Caucus.

#### THE THEOLOGY OF DUELLING.

THE recent replies of the Roman Congregation of the Inquisition to certain inquiries about duels proposed by the Bishop of Poitiers, to which we shall have occasion to recur presently, open out a wide and fruitful subject of speculation as to the origin and religious aspects of a practice still prevalent in many countries of Europe, and only within living memory fallen into desuetude among ourselves. Hallam is probably right—in such matters he is not apt to go wrong—when he says that duelling in the modern sense of the word was unknown before the sixteenth century, but he at the same time mentions “an anecdote which seems to illustrate its derivation from the judicial combat”; and the judicial combat, it need hardly be said, grew out of the ordeal, or rather was itself a survival of one form of ordeal. And we cannot therefore understand the one without some reference to the other. The ordeal is of course, as Milman observes, not peculiar to Christianity or to its mediæval period; it is “a superstition of all nations and of all ages.” Sophocles, Pliny, and Virgil speak of it; the Riparian law admits trial by fire, the Visi-Gothic law trial by red-hot iron. The mediæval Church for a time sanctioned or at least tolerated it, though later Popes condemned it, and a solemn ritual was provided for the purpose. The ceremony took place within the church after the celebration of mass and communion of the accused in protestation of his innocence, and there were various methods of conducting it, such as swearing on the Gospels, on the altar, on relics (as in the famous case of Harold), even on the Holy Sacrament; or again there was the trial by cold water, by hot water, by hot iron, by walking over live coals or burning ploughshares. This last variety appears to have been chiefly reserved for crowned heads; it was undergone by our own Queen Emma, by one of Charlemagne’s wives, and by the Empress Cunegunda. On the other hand, when Lothair wished to get rid of his wife Theutberga, and therefore accused her of incest, she demanded the ordeal of hot water, and her champion—for the trial was vicarious—passed through it unscathed. Archbishop Hincmar has a curious dissertation on this kind of ordeal, which he compares both to the Deluge, where the wicked were drowned and the righteous saved, and to the destruction of Sodom by fire, when Lot escaped. Two centuries later a notable instance occurred at Florence of the application of the ordeal, this time by fire, not for vindication of innocence, but for proof of guilt. It was during the great Hildebrandine reform, when drastic measures were being everywhere adopted to put down clerical simony and incontinence, and Peter, Archbishop of Florence, was denounced by the monks as a Simoniac. A monk named Peter, who afterwards became Bishop of Albano, undertook to establish the charge by carrying the Cross through the flames unhurt, and he succeeded. The Archbishop retired, but Theiner has shown that the Pope (Gregory VII.) did not recognize his degradation. Charlemagne was a strenuous upholder of the ordeal, which gradually yielded to the judicial combat, and that in its turn was suppressed by the greatest of his successors. The ordeal appears to have been sometimes permitted in England, as a court of appeal, so to call it, for those already convicted by the verdict of a jury; but in such cases a convicted murderer, if he passed the ordeal, was banished the realm, though he escaped hanging. It was abolished in Henry III.’s reign. Trial by combat, though existing long before and always in great repute in Lombardy, only became thoroughly established as ordeals went into disuse; it was introduced into England by the Normans. It was itself indeed a kind of ordeal, and perhaps the notion mentioned by Mr. Lecky, that great battles were special occasions of Providential interposition, may have helped to promote its rising popularity. And, as Montesquieu adds, in a warlike age cowardice was naturally and not unreasonably considered a sign of other vices, such as lying and fraud, peculiarly odious to a simple community. It is indeed a curious problem, which at this distance of time must perhaps, as Hallam intimates, be abandoned as insoluble, how the results of the ordeal are to be explained. For certain it is that many suspects—whether guilty or innocent cannot now be known—endured unharmed the most tremendous ordeals, or anyhow appeared to the spectators to do so. And later research has e.g. shown Blackstone’s suggestion that Queen Emma, the Confessor’s mother, walked between the red-hot ploughshares instead of upon them to be untenable. Be that as it may, the wager of battle naturally allied itself to the ideas of the feudal system. The courts of a feudal barony had little knowledge of law and often not too much of ordinary sagacity, and were ready enough in doubtful cases to relegate the decision to what they believed to be “the judgment of God” by single combat. In civil cases the vanquished party forfeited his claim and had to pay a fine; in criminal cases, if the appellant was defeated, he suffered the legal penalty of the crime he had charged his adversary with. St. Louis, by introducing the code called his Establishments, did his best to discourage the trial by combat, which he was unable altogether to abolish; throughout the royal domains it was abolished.

By this time, in the thirteenth century, the Church had come to

set herself pretty steadily against the ordeal in every shape, judicial combats included. But the usage still lingered, and a conspicuous *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory it was based upon was supplied in France towards the close of the fourteenth century, when a man named Legris, who had been falsely accused of a peculiarly aggravated outrage on a married woman, was defeated and hanged on the spot, and the real criminal was discovered afterwards. The latest case however of a duel authorized by the magistrates and conducted by the forms of law occurred in France nearly two centuries after this, on July 10, 1547, between La Châtaigneraie and De Jarnac; it was fought at St. Germain-en-Laye in presence of Henry II. and his Court, and has enriched the French language with a new term, as a decisive and unexpected blow has since then been called a *coup de Jarnac*. But, as the King’s favourite was defeated and slain, he swore a solemn oath that he would never permit another duel to be fought, and a royal edict against the practice was issued, the first of many such. In England the last recorded instance occurred in 1571, when the lists were actually prepared in Tothill Fields and the Justices of the Common Pleas appeared as umpires of the combat; but the appellant did not put in an appearance, and was consequently nonsuited. But so late as 1817, in the case of *Thornton v. Ashford*, Lord Ellenborough pronounced that “the general law of the land is that there shall be a trial by battle in cases of appeal, unless the party brings himself within some of the exceptions.” Thornton, who was indicted for the murder of Mary Ashford, claimed his right to challenge her brother; and, as his claim was allowed and the challenge was declined, he escaped punishment. Next year the law was repealed by 59 Geo. III. c. 46. But the modern duel, dating, as we have seen, from the sixteenth century, is an outgrowth of the judicial combat, stripped alike of its legal and its religious sanction. It is one expression of the “Law of Honour”—the source of so much that is noble and so much that is mischievous or unreal—which is itself a bequest from the age of chivalry, and it first arose in France, where it still retains a stronger hold perhaps than anywhere else. Lord Herbert of Chesham, writing in the reign of Louis XIII., says that “there is scarce a Frenchman worth looking at who has not killed his man in a duel.” Edict after edict was fulminated against the custom, and some duellists were executed, while all of course incurred the ban of the Church; but the institution proved too tough for the combined efforts of Church and State. Both Rousseau and Voltaire attacked it, but it survived the fall of the *ancien régime*, and flourished even under the Directory. In England it dates from the reign of James I., and naturally revived after the Puritan episode of the Commonwealth, with the general license of the Restoration; the duel described in *Emond* between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun is historical. Among noted duellists of the last century we find the names of Fox, Pitt, Canning, Lord Castlereagh, the Dukes of York and Richmond, Sir Francis Burdett, Grattan, and O’Connell. In 1808 Major Campbell was sentenced and executed for killing Captain Boyd in a duel. In 1843, when Colonel Fawcett was shot in a duel by his brother-in-law, Lieut. Monro, public attention was directed to the question, and a correspondence ensued between the Duke of Wellington—who had himself “been out”—and the Prince Consort, leading the next year to an important amendment of the Articles of War, by the 95th of which every officer who fights or promotes a duel is to be cashiered or suffer such other penalty as a general court-martial may award. And since then duels have been discredited in the British army, while in the German army they are still recognized by law as well as by public opinion. Not many years ago a Roman Catholic officer in Prussia of proved courage, but who pleaded conscientious scruples, was cashiered for refusing to fight a duel. The last fought in England took place in 1845, when Lieut. Hawkey killed Lieut. Seton, and the same year a Society for the discouraging of duelling was organized.

There is happily no practical need for any lengthened discussion of the ethical question, but it is important to bear in mind that there is more of real difficulty in it than might at first sight appear. The Prince Consort in 1843 was anxious to have courts of honour established, which, however, was not thought practicable, and it is curious that Bentham had anticipated his suggestion by urging, as against “vulgar moralists,” that, whereas duelling, which he condemned, “entirely effaces a blot which an insult imprints upon the honour,” some substitute is required. And he thinks the true remedy is to extend the same legal protection to offences against honour as to offences against the person; but his detailed suggestions for the carrying out of the principle are in some cases little short of grotesque. It can hardly be denied that there are grave offences which the law cannot touch, and where a sound beating, like that administered by Johnny Eames to his rival, would be the illegal but very appropriate chastisement. And there are worse insults still—say, an outrage offered to one’s mother or sister—which, as the saying goes, “can only be washed out in blood,” and where public feeling would certainly go far to extenuate, if not to condone, the rough justice of the red right hand. But we cannot legislate for exceptions, and if once the principle is admitted, a too abundant experience proves that it is impossible to draw the line. It is only natural therefore that the Christian Church should have sternly condemned duelling, nor can the Roman discipline be fairly alleged in this respect to misrepresent Christian sentiment. It places all duellists and all who aid or abet them under excommunication, and as duels from time to time occur among Roman Catholic students even, in German



Universities, a practical difficulty often arises, for should either combatant be killed, and no evidence be forthcoming of his subsequent repentance, he is refused Christian burial and can have no masses solemnized for his soul. In France, where duels are still more frequent, the subordinate question has been raised, which formed the subject of the Bishop of Poitiers's recent application to the authorities at Rome, whether a physician or a confessor may be present at a duel, or at least may attend in a neighbouring house, for the purpose of affording respectively temporal and spiritual aid to the wounded party. The answer given to all three questions was an emphatic negative; neither priest nor physician can act as suggested without incurring *ipso facto* excommunication. The judgment may sound a harsh one, but it is surely the only consistent deduction from the principle all along maintained. The permitted presence of physician or priest could not fail to act as a virtual encouragement of duelling, the latter especially. For a conscientious Roman Catholic would feel that he had done his best to secure the opportunity of making his peace with heaven, or, if he was more sensitive about appearances in this world than his prospects in the next, that he had taken means for securing his right of Christian burial. It is a strange state of mind no doubt to resolve deliberately on committing "a mortal sin," while at the same time making careful provision for the contingency of subsequent repentance; but then people are apt under such circumstances to act in a strangely irrational manner, as was shown the other day in the too famous *Mignonette* case, when Dudley and Stephens, according to their own account, knelt down and prayed God to forgive them the sin they were going to commit, before murdering the boy whose corpse was to supply their cannibal diet. How far duelling in certain extreme cases may be morally excusable, is a question, as was just now pointed out, not so easy of solution as might appear on the surface. But there can be no reasonable doubt that, if duelling is to be unreservedly condemned, the presence of priest or physician to minister to the needs of the duellist must in consistency be condemned also. They would be doing an injustice both to themselves and to the intending criminal by virtually making themselves his accomplices before the fact. How far the more rigorous enforcement of the ecclesiastical law will tend to curtail the evil it is directed against in a country like France, is another question which only experience can decide. And it must be remembered that a papal injunction will not have much weight with French physicians, though it cannot be ignored by priests.

#### NIELLI.

THE world is, or thinks itself, so learned in terms of art, that an apology might almost be demanded from one who ventured to explain the meaning of a word with which even the proverbial schoolboy should be familiar; but as it is quite possible there may be some, even among our readers, who attach to it an indefinite idea, and as we know that more than one distinguished amateur has been deceived, and more than one keen-eyed dealer in rare and curious prints has proved himself unable to distinguish modern imitations from veritable nielli, we may be permitted to describe what they really are, before we tell of the clever little trap into which many incautious patrons of art have fallen. In the course of a few weeks a very choice collection of early prints will be dispersed at Messrs. Sotheby's. Among impressions, rare and beautiful, by the chief masters of engraving, there will, we believe, appear a small portfolio of so-called nielli, acquired many years ago, in perfect knowledge of their real value, and retained by their late owner for other reasons than their actual worth, about which a few notes may be acceptable. But we must preface our account of them by a short reminder of what are meant by veritable nielli.

Much has been said and written upon the "invention" of engraving. Like the "invention" of printing, the expression is an erroneous one; neither printing nor engraving was, in the true sense of the word, ever "invented." Some process, more or less imperfect, of taking an imprint, or transfer, from an engraved surface was, we may reasonably assume, practised even in prehistoric times; such imprints may not have been preserved, but incised figures, often drawn with singular correctness, have come down to us from the earliest ages; and, if only for the purpose of repetition, we may be sure that something in the nature of imprints were occasionally taken from them. Printing on linen belongs to old Egyptian eras, and that some day the art should have taken a further advance, and that wood or bone or metal should be engraved upon for the purpose of multiplying impressions upon parchment or paper, and that these should be valued for their interest or their beauty, would follow in natural sequence so soon as the desire for them arose; when and where the ambition to possess these transfers originated is a fair subject for discussion, and one which has been by no means neglected, and even now, so evenly balanced are the conflicting claims, that it would be almost imprudent to decide between the Northern and the Italian schools. There is a passage in Vasari which tells of a celebrated goldsmith, one Maso Finiguerra, who about the year 1450 practised some form of printing from engraved copper or silver plates. Vasari had previously described him as of great repute as a master of engraving in niello. "Of this (he says) there is proof in the patines executed by him which still remain in San Giovanni at Florence." The work for which he was thus re-

nowned was engraving upon silver, not for the purpose of taking impressions, but as an ornament to the chalice, paten, or pax upon which he was employed, the incised lines being, upon the completion of the work, filled in with a black substance, *nigellum*, which gave prominence to the design, and which could not afterwards be removed. More than one engraved plate attributed to Finiguerra, and thus nielled, is still in existence, and though afterwards he engraved plates for the purpose of taking impressions, it was not even suggested that any impression of the first-named plates, taken off of course before the lines were filled in with *nigellum*, were in existence. If found, they would undoubtedly take precedence, as early prints, of impressions drawn off, as afterwards, from plates engraved for the purpose, such as were the cartes or tarocchi executed by Baldini some few years later.

In 1797 appeared in Paris the Abbé Zani, custodian of the print collection at Parma. One day, while examining the collection of early Italian prints in the Bibliothèque du Roi, his attention was drawn to a portfolio which contained some impressions which had till then been little regarded. To his great delight, he discovered among them a repetition, in reverse, of an engraving with which he had long been familiar, the subject, a coronation of the Virgin, worked upon a silver plate in niello, executed as a Pax for the Baptistery of San Giovanni at Florence, and ascribed to Maso Finiguerra. And what increased the interest with which he regarded this reverse was the fact that he had seen, very shortly before, in the Seratti collection, an impression, or cast, of the same Pax in sulphur, though in the same direction as the original. The conclusion was irresistible. The engraved Pax, before it was nielled, had been printed from; similar impressions might be in existence; and the connexion, which had never been suspected by Marolles, from whose collection, made more than one hundred years before, this impression had been acquired, or even by Mariette, perhaps the ablest connoisseur of his day, between this and certain unexplained Italian prints of small size and peculiar character, and the engraved goldsmith's work known as nielli, was at once apparent. It may here be added that, while the only known impression of this Pax of Finiguerra still remains in the collection at Paris (an impression more recently discovered in the Arsenal being undoubtedly a copy), the sulphur cast in the Seratti collection, passing through the hands of Messrs. Colnaghi into the possession of the Duke of Buckingham, has found its home in the Print-Room of the British Museum. A second sulphur niello, for the term has been applied with perplexing indifference to original plate, to impression upon paper, and to sulphur cast, was found in the Gori collection; it then passed to that of the Marquis Durazzo; and is now in the possession of Baron Edmond de Rothschild.

The discovery of Zani, which he has recorded with an even Gallic enthusiasm, excited the keenest interest among the cognoscenti. Long neglected portfolios were examined; every little Italian print, till now unheeded, was produced; other impressions, nielli, were discovered, some of which, with greater or less probability, might be assigned to Finiguerra, until, so numerous were they, that Duchesne, Keeper of the Prints at Paris, who published his "Essai sur les nielles" in 1819, was able to catalogue more than four hundred from the collection in his care. Forty years later the industrious Passavant, though not without misgivings, and with a knowledge that many forgeries were extant, more than doubled the list. All the while an animated controversy was raging between the partisans of the Northern and the Italian schools as to the priority of their respective impressions, one party affirming that Finiguerra himself had been instructed by Roger van der Weyden, others contending that it was Van der Weyden who was the pupil, and that on his return from Italy he took back with him to Germany and practised the secret art of taking impressions upon paper; others, again, less reverent, questioned the authenticity of some of the most important known nielli, even disputing the attribution of the celebrated Pax itself; Carl von Rumohr, in 1841, on evidence which is at least worthy of attention, declaring it to have been the work, not of Maso Finiguerra, but of a less renowned artist, Matteo de Giovanni. Two things alone are certain; the one is that, if the print of the Coronation of the Virgin is the earliest authentic transcript upon paper from an engraved metal plate to which an exact date can be assigned, it must still have been preceded by other impressions produced in a similar manner; it is so well and carefully printed that it cannot have been a first attempt, the process must for some time have been known and practised. The other fact, which we may regard as established, is, that of the large number of nielli now in existence, a very large proportion are not, and cannot be, authentic; it is not merely that they are too numerous, many of them carry their own refutation upon their faces; some are hopelessly discredited by anachronisms in costume; on others the right-handed action of the figures, or the occurrence of inscriptions in a right direction and not in reverse, as they would be in impressions from true nielli, is fatal to their reputation.

Meanwhile, the natural ambition of collectors to add examples of these interesting prints to their portfolios suggested to certain able but unprincipled Venetians an idea of which they speedily availed themselves. Why should not they supply the demand? Accordingly a "school" arose under the immediate direction of the brothers San Quirico, and a medallist named Abrizzi, who worked under the distinguished patronage of the well-known artist and author, Count Cicognara; they employed two clever young

men, trained as engravers, and from time to time silver-plate nielli, as well as impressions, made their appearance, and were eagerly acquired by the cognoscenti, and, what tended to allay any possible suspicion, Cicognara himself caused engravings to be made of some of these nielli, and published them in his large work on early Italian art. Cicognara's friends contend that he too was deceived; if so, it was at the expense of his intelligence; but there were many victims. A noble duke, well known as a connoisseur, is said to have enriched his collection by choice examples of fifteenth-century nielled plate and impressions upon paper "discovered" for him by the indefatigable San Quirico, and unless our judgment is seriously at fault, and we are not alone in our opinion, we should ourselves attribute a considerable number of the nielli preserved in the Bibliothèque, and catalogued by Duchesne, to the same enterprising firm; especially should we assign to them the Peregrini series, some of which, we think, bear an unmistakable relationship to the San Quirico impressions. Many of these spurious prints show great taste in composition and delicate execution, and, had no deception been practised, would have commanded their value as works of art. So long as the partners in this nefarious business observed the necessary caution, and permitted no suspicion to invade their unobtrusive workshop, all went on merrily; but, as is frequently the case, too rapid success created injudicious confidence, and an attempt to pass off upon Duchesne himself a newly-discovered Pax of Maso Finiguerra led to exposure. It is said that the money had actually passed, that not until afterwards was the Pax pronounced to be a forgery, and that the threat of legal proceedings brought the conspiracy to an end; however this may be, the manufacture was closed, though not until many treasured collections had been enriched by the acquisition of these nielli! It was some years before the gentleman whose collection is soon to be dispersed appeared upon the scene, and, though not without some difficulty, secured from the artists themselves the greater part of the impressions which still remained on hand. These he arranged in a portfolio by themselves, regarding them as what they are, a curious and very instructive series. Of some few there are not only the completed impressions, but early unfinished proofs, evidence in itself sufficient, if any were needed, of the dishonest nature of the transaction. But of this no secret at this later time was made; a becoming modesty no doubt forbade the principals to proclaim their success too loudly; but it does not appear that they withheld their confidence from those whose good opinion they desired to conciliate; and this little, probably unique, collection of their *supercheries*, estimated at its real value by the late owner, is worthy, we think, of a resting-place in the British Museum, to be preserved as a warning to the wealthy but too confiding amateur of the perils which beset his path.

#### THE MIKADO.

MR. GILBERT and Sir Arthur Sullivan have created a taste for comic opera of a certain kind, and it must be candidly admitted of a very admirable kind. In their efforts to supply the demand they have occasioned a certain measure of success must almost inevitably attend them, for the fashion they follow is the fashion they themselves have set. But apart from the question whether a new work by Mr. Gilbert—we will consider the book before the score—is likely to fill the Savoy Theatre for a number of nights, there is the further inquiry as to how far he is increasing or maintaining his well-deserved position as an original humorist. Such writers are so rare that we are jealous for their reputation, and it is with regret that we see the stream of Mr. Gilbert's invention running dry in some places and growing very shallow in others. It may flow freely again. We hope it will; but we speak of it as we find it. As a matter of course there are plenty of good things of various sorts in *The Mikado*; or, *the Town of Titipu*. It is very certain that no one except Mr. Gilbert could have written the piece, and it contains many of those keenly satirical and curiously fantastic ideas which mark his bent of mind. If he had written *The Mikado* some years ago, we should have thought very much more highly of it than we do, because so many of the fancies have done duty before. We recognize characters as familiar under their Japanese disguise; their eccentricities have been found in their predecessors. *Il faut du nouveau*, and Mr. Gilbert supplies it sparingly. He is more than usually prone to attenuate his jokes, to beat them out so thin that they cease to be serviceable. "True, he loves me," says the heroine Yum-Yum, "but everybody does that. Sometimes I sit and wonder, in my artless Japanese way, why it is that I am so much more attractive than anybody else in the whole world. Can this be vanity? No! Nature is lovely and rejoices in her loveliness. I am a child of Nature, and take after my mother." This is very good; but its goodness is discounted by the fact that similar musings have come to previous children of Nature in Mr. Gilbert's plays. If our memory serves us, Patience made ingenious remarks of the same character, and there was a little Scotch girl, called Maggie Macfarlane, in *Engaged*, who frankly declared that she was "very, very beautiful." The poet Grosvenor, in *Patience*, likewise lamented his fatal gift of beauty. Again, Katisha, the elderly lady who desires to marry the Mikado's son Nanki-Poo, and so causes him to fly and assume the disguise of a second trombone, is in truth a personage who has never been absent from any of Mr. Gilbert's operas since

Mrs. Partlett, the pew-opener, of *The Sorcerer*. She was, indeed, invented before that opera was written. In one of the earlier "Bab Ballads" the story of Captain Reece was told. Captain Reece was so deeply bent on promoting the happiness of his crew that his boatswain's appeal to him is at once granted. "I have a widowed mother who would be the very thing for you—She long has loved you from afar; She washes for you, Captain R." Of course Captain Reece in order to please his boatswain marries his laundress. This unattractive old woman in some guise or other crops up in all Mr. Gilbert's operas. In *The Sorcerer* she was called Mrs. Partlett, and her engagement to the well-born Vicar was the joke; in fact, here it was repeated, for the pursuit of John Wellington Wells by Lady Sangazure is in the same vein. In *H.M.S. Pinafore* she was called Little Buttercup, and she flirted with Captain Corcoran. In *The Pirates of Penzance* she was called Ruth, and had engaged herself to Frederick, the hero. In *Patience* she was called Lady Jane, and lavished her unwelcome devotion on Bunthorne. The stalwart Fairy Queen's tender of her affections to the Sentry in *Iolanthe* is a development of the same notion. In *The Mikado* the old woman is called Katisha, and besides her pursuit of Nanki-Poo in circumstances resembling Ruth's pursuit of Frederick, she has a scene with the Lord High Executioner Ko-Ko, which is very much like an episode in *The Sorcerer*, where Lady Sangazure shows her infatuation for the dealer in magic and spells. Katisha's remarks about her left shoulder-blade being a miracle of loveliness, and her right elbow possessing extraordinary fascination, strike us as being simply silly, and therefore totally unworthy of Mr. Gilbert. Yet he even returns to it, and makes some one observe that people go miles to see her left elbow, and that "her right heel is much admired by connoisseurs." It is a pity that this was ever written, and a wonder that it ever came to be printed and spoken. The scenes in which Patience alternately encourages and repels Grosvenor and that in which Yum-Yum forbids Nanki-Poo to love her are also alike. Mr. Gilbert must bestir himself and strike out new paths.

Enough has been said in the way of dispraise. We gladly turn to commend the ingenuity of the idea upon which the plot is based—the raising of Ko-Ko, a criminal, condemned to death for flirting, to the rank of Lord High Executioner, so that no decapitation can take place in Titipu till Ko-Ko has decapitated himself. Pooh Bah, Lord High Everything Else, who traces his ancestry back to a protoplasmal primordial atomic globule, and whose family pride is consequently something inconceivable, is also a figure in Mr. Gilbert's own peculiar vein. So much has been written about the opera that readers can hardly fail to be acquainted with the plot, which shows, to put it very briefly, how Nanki-Poo, the Mikado's son, has fled from the questionable charms of Katisha, and fallen in love with Yum-Yum, who is betrothed to her guardian, Ko-Ko; how he is to be deprived of his post of Lord High Executioner because executions seem to the Mikado to have ceased in Titipu, and how Nanki-Poo on the verge of suicide offers himself as a subject for the headsman if he may spend the last month of his life as the husband of Yum-Yum; finally, how, though he is not beheaded, a certificate of his death is shown to the Mikado, who finds that it is his son who has been executed, thus laying those concerned open to the most awful penalties for compassing the death of the Heir Apparent. The character of the thoroughly benevolent monarch is one of the best ideas in the work, and the scene in which the false certificate, pointing to the decapitation, is first read by the Mikado, is so good that we are tempted to quote it:—

MIK. (*looking at paper*). Dear, dear, dear; this is very tiresome. (*To Ko-Ko*). My poor fellow, in your anxiety to carry out my wishes, you have beheaded the heir to the throne of Japan!

Together. { KO. But I assure you we had no idea—  
POOH. But, indeed, we didn't know—  
PITTI. We really hadn't the least notion—

MIK. Of course you hadn't. How could you? Come, come, my good fellow, don't distress yourself—it was no fault of yours. If a man of exalted rank chooses to disguise himself as a second trombone, he must take the consequences. It really distresses me to see you take on so. I've no doubt he thoroughly deserved all he got. (*They rise.*)

KO. We are infinitely obliged to your Majesty—

MIK. Obligated? not a bit. Don't mention it. How could you tell?

POOH. No, of course we couldn't know that he was the Heir Apparent.

PITTI. It wasn't written on his forehead, you know.

KO. It might have been on his pocket-handkerchief, but Japanese don't use pocket-handkerchiefs! Ha! ha! ha!

MIK. Ha! ha! ha! (*To Kat.*) I forget the punishment for compassing the death of the Heir Apparent.

KO.

POOH. } Punishment! (*They drop down on their knees again.*)

PITTI. }

MIK. Yes. Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy. Something of that sort. I think boiling oil occurs in it, but I'm not sure. I know it's something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead. Come, come, don't fret; I'm not a bit angry.

KO. (*in abject terror*). If your Majesty will accept our assurance, we had no idea—

MIK. Of course you hadn't. That's the pathetic part of it. Unfortunately the fool of an Act says "compassing the death of the Heir Apparent." There's not a word about a mistake, or not knowing, or having no notion. There should be, of course, but there isn't. That's the slovenly way in which these Acts are drawn. However, cheer up, it'll be all right. I'll have it altered next Session.

KO. What's the good of that?

MIK. Now let's see—will after luncheon suit you? Can you wait till then?

KO, PITTI, and POOH. Oh, yes—we can wait till then!

MIK. Then we'll make it after luncheon. I'm really very sorry for you



all; but it's an unjust world, and virtue is triumphant only in theatrical performances.

The glee which follows is one which it would have occurred to no one but Mr. Gilbert to write:—

See how the Fates their gifts allot,  
For A is happy, B is not.  
Yet B is worthy, I daresay,  
Of more prosperity than A.

and the condition of "happy, undeserving A" is contrasted with that of "wretched, meritorious B." Almost all the verse in the opera is excellent, and though Sir Arthur Sullivan's score is by no means free from repetition of himself and certain other composers, he dresses his melodies so daintily that we have nothing but praise for his share of the new work. Author and composer go hand-in-hand with the skill and sense of humour peculiar to themselves. How much of Sir Arthur's success is due to the suggestions his partner supplies need not be considered; the result is delightful. Nanki-Poo's first song when he enters as a wandering minstrel to beg the assembly of nobles to tell him where he may find Yum-Yum is an excellent specimen of the Gilbert-Sullivan school. "Are you in sentimental mood? I'll sigh for you," the minstrel sings to a tender melody in B flat, charmingly accompanied by reeds and strings. The key changes to E flat, and "If patriotic sentiment is wanted," the singer shows his ability to supply that; or "If you call for a song of the sea, We'll heave the capstan round," he vocally declares; and a dashing air in C major, two-four time, of the character which has come to be recognized as nautical, so carries away the Japanese nobility that they go through all the traditional gestures of the stage sailor, the effect of which in their flowing robes and hanging sleeves is singularly comic. We agree with all that has been said in favour of the merry trio, "Three little maids from school are we." There is laughter and merriment in the music; the pretty dresses and quaint action of the little maids give freshness to the humour. The odd gesture of rubbing the knees is understood to be a direct importation from Japan. "What if it should prove that after all I am no musician?" cries Nanki-Poo, about to reveal his identity to Yum-Yum. "There! I was certain of it directly I heard you play!" is her reply, and then they sing what may be called a hypothetical duet, "Were I not to Ko-Ko plighted, I would say in tender tone," and so on. We do not at all regret the absence of the pentatonic scale, or of music in minor keys without a leading note, which the critic of the *Times* seems to consider a wasted opportunity. The march of the Mikado's troops, based on the air, if it may be called an air, to which the troops of the veritable Mikado marched in the revolution of 1868, quite satisfies our longing for Japanese melody. Among the best musical numbers in the second act are the chorus "Braid the raven hair," with the episode, "Sit with downcast eye"; the madrigal, "Brightly dawns our wedding day," with its really powerful transition from laughter to tears; and the "Derry down" chorus, which has an irresistible gaiety. The score is full of ingenuity. Thus where, in the course of the Mikado's story which sets forth his desire to make the punishment fit the crime, the reference is made to the music-hall singer being forced to attend a series of fugues and "ops," "By Bach, interwoven with Spohr and Beethoven," a phrase from the G minor fugue is heard on the bassoon; and when it is said of the criminal who was about to be executed how "He nodded his head, and kissed his hand, and he whistled an air, did he," the piccolo is not to be heard without laughter. Delightfully funny, too, is the duet between Nanki-Poo and Ko-Ko. It runs as follows:—

NANK. The flowers that bloom in the spring,  
Tra la,  
Breathe promise of merry sunshine—  
As we merrily dance and we sing,  
Tra la,  
We welcome the hope that they bring,  
Tra la,  
Of a summer of roses and wine;  
And that's what we mean when we say that a thing  
Is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring.

KO. The flowers that bloom in the spring,  
Tra la,  
Have nothing to do with the case.  
I've got to take under my wing,  
Tra la,  
A most unattractive old thing,  
Tra la,  
With a caricature of a face;  
And that's what I mean when I say, or I sing,  
"Oh bother the flowers that bloom in the spring!"

Ko-Ko's perfunctory utterance of the "Tra la's" has a comicality not to be described. They are totally foreign to the sentiment of his verse, but the melody requires their introduction, and he resents the necessity of singing them. The best songs have been so much quoted that we may content ourselves with saying that they are very good.

As for the performance of the characters, that is very much what Mr. Gilbert makes it, though perhaps in this case he has not quite succeeded in making Mr. Grossmith realize all the possibilities in the part of the Lord High Executioner. The actor, however, so thoroughly understands his work that the part will doubtless develop in his hands. Mr. Rutland Barrington comes nearer to the level of his chances; and Sir Arthur Sullivan, writing specially for his voice, has so written that Mr. Barrington actually sings in tune, which he has not been accustomed to do: Mr. Temple as the Mikado, and Mr. Durward Lely as Nanki-Poo,

acquit themselves well; and a new comer, Mr. F. Bovill, falls naturally into the place he has been judiciously chosen to fill. The sense of enjoyment of her work which Miss Jessie Bond conveys makes her performance very winning. Miss Braham and Miss Brandram once more show themselves to be excellent vocalists. Miss Sybil Grey is the third of the little maids. The costumes are in the highest degree artistic and beautiful. The modern stage, with all its magnificence, has shown nothing richer.

#### THE STATE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

AFTER the scare of last week upon the Stock Exchange there has followed this week a partial recovery in prices; but there still remains a feeling of much anxiety, and, if the dispute about the Afghan boundary were again to become threatening, there would probably be a still more serious fall than has yet been seen. For several years past there has been no very large creation of debt by any great Government in good credit. On the contrary, the American and British Governments have been rapidly reducing their debts, and the scheme of Mr. Childers makes certain the redemption of about 130 millions within twenty years if peace is maintained. While thus the amount of stock in the markets of the world was steadily decreasing, and seemed likely to decrease much more rapidly in the immediate future, both population and wealth have been growing, and, consequently, the demand for stocks has been increasing. Naturally, therefore, the prices of the securities of the great Governments have been going up year by year. And the causes which in this way acted upon Government securities have been acting in the same way upon other securities. More particularly, the bonds of British Colonial Governments and the stocks of British railways have been steadily rising. The panic, first in Paris, and then in New York, affected many of what are called "international securities," and the shares and bonds of American railroads; and the more these lost in credit, the more did Colonial Government and British railway securities come into favour with British investors. Furthermore, it was evident that, if peace were maintained and Mr. Childers's scheme were carried out, Consols would rise so rapidly that it would be possible to convert the debt into stock bearing a lower rate of interest. For all these reasons, a large speculation grew up in Consols, Colonial bonds, and home railway stocks. But when a danger arose of war with Russia, the speculators became alarmed. Such a war, were it to break out, would probably be protracted. For, at first at least, hostilities would be carried on at a great distance from the base of operations of each Government. Moreover, the war not improbably might spread, and thus the century might close, like the last century, with a great European war going on. The possibility was, then, that loan after loan would be raised, both by this country and by Russia, and that various other Governments would have to apply to the loan market for large amounts. It was, moreover, reasonable to assume that one of the first steps taken by our own Government in case of war would be to suspend the Sinking Fund. It would be absurd to go on increasing the debt and adding to the taxation and at the same time keeping up an attempt to reduce the debt. There would thus be a large creation of Government securities. And all the reasons which had contributed to bring about a rapid rise in Consols being thus in danger of being reversed, a fall in Consols followed. For the same reason a fall in Colonial bonds and British railway stocks took place, and a great fall in Russian Government stocks became inevitable.

Speculators saw in all this an opportunity to make money, and they were not slow in availing themselves of it. They reckoned, too, that the outbreak of war would bring about a serious disturbance in the money market; that banks would be obliged to call in loans which they had made to speculators; and that thus there would be a great selling of stocks of all kinds, and that prices would fall very seriously. Lastly, they reckoned upon the probability that our own Government would be found unprepared; that the beginning of hostilities would be disadvantageous to this country, and that therefore the fall would be intensified. Speculators, therefore, sold Consols, Colonial Government securities, Indian Government securities, British railway stocks, and also Russian stocks in large amounts; and it seemed for a few days last week as if there were about to be a kind of panic in the stock markets. The statement made by Mr. Gladstone on Friday that an arrangement had been come to by the two Governments which would probably prevent a collision between the Russian and Afghan forces, and thus give time for peaceful negotiations, stopped the alarm, and since then, as we have said above, there has been a partial recovery. But as the Government has so grievously mismanaged foreign affairs all through, there is no confidence that it will be more happy in its management now. Much apprehension, therefore, continues, and any accident might renew the scare in an intensified form. There are other reasons, too, why the market should be unsteady. We pointed out a couple of weeks ago that one effect of the premature attempt of Mr. Childers to convert Consols was to disorganize the market for British Government funds. The public refused to accept Mr. Childers's proposals; they sold Consols very largely, and, in consequence, Consols are now held in larger amount than usual by speculators. But speculators, as the very name implies, are not investors; they buy, that is, only for the sake of selling

again at a better price. Therefore they are easily scared, and when the danger of a fall in prices arises, they hasten to get rid of their stocks before their loss becomes serious. Any political alarm, therefore, leads to much more extensive selling of Consols than in former years. And as soon as Consols begin to fall there is uneasiness and apprehension throughout the whole of the stock markets. Furthermore, the state of the Paris Bourse is somewhat disquieting. Since the panic there three years ago, there had been little speculation until lately. In the interval the people have had time to save; they once more have money with which to gamble, and of late they have begun to think that a favourable opportunity offered itself. There has been an extraordinary rise in both Italian and Russian Government stocks, and the rise in these led them to hope that a recovery was about to take place in all kinds of Stock Exchange securities. Then, our own Government, instead of securing its own ascendancy in Egypt, invited France to come to an understanding in regard to that country. Egyptian stocks, therefore, once more came into favour with French investors and French speculators. And, lastly, the understanding arrived at with Prince Bismarck encouraged all parties to hope that the peace of Europe would be secured, and that France was safe from an attack by Germany. The result has been the growth of a considerable speculation in Paris. The speculators chiefly consist of members of good families, with little real business knowledge or business training, and with little capacity therefore to judge whether the transactions in which they engage are well or ill founded. To a large extent they are members of aristocratic clubs, who spend their gains as soon as acquired, and have little means to pay their losses if losses are incurred. There is a fear in consequence that on a smaller scale and in a mitigated form we may witness very soon another panic upon the Paris Bourse.

Even more serious is the state of the Berlin Bourse. Germany has made a very rapid advance, economically as well as politically, in the lifetime of the present generation. There has been an extraordinary development of manufactures and trade, and there has also been a considerable accumulation of wealth. But Germany for all that is still a poor country. And yet the great capitalists of Berlin are anxious to make their city the financial centre of the Continent. Berlin has risen from being the capital of a comparatively small kingdom to be the capital of the greatest military empire in the world. In it now centres not only the political life, but also the financial and commercial life of Germany. There is no doubt then that the Berlin money market is much more important than it was ten years ago. Since the reconciliation with Russia, the hope of realizing immense profits from the vast loans that it is evident Russia needs to raise in order to fund her floating debt, to restore the value of the rouble, and to develop her resources, has tempted the Berlin capitalists to take in hand the rehabilitation of Russian credit, and this has been followed by a wild speculation throughout Germany in Russian stocks. We have seen during the last few weeks the strength of this speculation in the fact that, in spite of the alarm of war with this country, and in spite of selling on a vast scale here in London, Russian stocks have fallen scarcely more than Consols. But the general belief throughout Europe is that to keep up the price of these stocks, German capitalists have pledged their credit to the point at which it is likely to strain. In the language of the Stock Exchange, it is believed that German capitalists are loaded up to the eyes with Russian stocks. During the past month or so they have bought on an unexampled scale here in London, and they have been obliged to pay for the stocks thus bought in gold. The export of gold for these payments has alarmed the Imperial Bank of Germany, and it suddenly advanced its rate of discount to five per cent., and its rate of interest to six per cent. The measure has not stopped the export of gold, for the purchasers of Russian stocks were bound to remit gold to pay for their purchases here in London; and the danger is that the Imperial Bank of Germany may be obliged to raise its rate still farther. If so, the speculators who have followed the lead of the great capitalists may be unable to carry on their operations; a panic may occur, with a result disastrous to Berlin. Should war break out, such a panic would seem to be inevitable. But, if peace is preserved, the crash may be postponed for a time. Still, in the opinion of those best informed, the speculation in Berlin has become so large that a collapse is sooner or later unavoidable. And this being known in Paris and Amsterdam, to which the speculation has extended, is likely to affect these two markets. London, of course, cannot escape altogether should there be a break-down both in Berlin and in Paris. Should, however, these dangers be got over somehow, and should peace be preserved, there is nothing to cause a fall in prices upon the London Stock Exchange. As soon as the danger of war passes away it will be seen that the Sinking Fund will continue to operate, that consequently the debt will be rapidly reduced, and that therefore Consols must rise in price as before. The rise in Consols will, as in the past, be followed by a rise in other classes of securities, and courage, therefore, will soon revive. It is true that trade is depressed, that the earnings of the Railway Companies are not very satisfactory, and that therefore the dividends cannot be expected to be large. All this is a good reason why there should not be much rise in the prices of British railway stocks; but it is no reason for a fall. There are symptoms already of a revival of trade in the United States, and it is probable that we have seen the worst of the depression at home, and that a slow recovery

is about to set in. In any case, everybody is aware that the present depression will not last for ever. Investors, therefore, are satisfied to wait until times mend, and while investors do not sell, there cannot be any considerable fall in prices.

#### A FEMALE LA TRAPPE.

THERE is near Biarritz a curious and probably unique conventual community known by the name of Notre Dame du Refuge. The community has two branches; one of them, Notre Dame, differs little from an ordinary convent with the usual school, orphanage, and crèche. The nuns are called "Servantes de Marie." The other is a female "La Trappe"; the nuns are called Bernardines, and are all women who have led dissolute lives and who, after a long probation passed under the care of the Servantes de Marie, are admitted as members of the Order. Both establishments support themselves by farming on an extensive scale and on the most scientific principles. The work is done exclusively by women, and some of their methods of agriculture are quite original, as most of their land is sand reclaimed from the sea and fertilized by their patient care. The whole system is due to one man, the Abbé Cestac, who seems to have possessed in a remarkable degree the talent for organization and the strong common sense so often found in the best class of the priests of the Roman Catholic Church. This distinguished man was born at Bayonne in 1801. He was educated at Tarbes and at Aire, and afterwards sent at the expense of the diocese of Bayonne to St. Sulpice, at Paris, to complete his theological course. He then returned as Professor to the Petit Séminaire de Larressore, where he showed his versatility by discharging the duties of teacher of music and mathematics, as well as being bursar of the establishment. After being raised to the chair of Philosophy in 1831, he was made Vicaire of the Cathedral of Bayonne. Soon after this he began his lifework by founding an orphanage—an association of pious young women for educational purposes, which afterwards became the Servantes de Marie, and a refuge for penitents, now the Bernardines. Soon the house at Bayonne became too small for the increasing community, in addition to which M. Cestac's idea had always been that a country life, with abundant agricultural labour, under the conventual rule, was the true life for his penitents. Accordingly, the small property was bought in the commune of Anglet, near Bayonne, and soon afterwards the convent received a legacy of another piece of land, or rather sand, close to the sea. M. Cestac immediately determined that this should be the site of his Refuge, for which it seemed peculiarly fitted from its isolated position surrounded by barren sand-hills and far from houses and public roads. In 1842 the Servantes de Marie were recognized by the Roman Catholic Church as a religious body, and in 1851 the Bernardines took the vows and religious dress. In 1868 the Abbé Cestac died, having been made a Canon of Bayonne and a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and leaving behind him, as his memorial, one of the most successful monastic institutions which have been founded in the Roman Catholic Church in modern times.

The first of the establishments founded by M. Cestac at Anglet is interesting, as being probably the only large agricultural establishment where the manual labour is done entirely by women—that is, by the Penitents in gangs—always overlooked by a Servante de Marie, or by an inferior grade of the Order, called Ouvrières de Marie. The convent is a large rambling building, looking more like a large farm than a convent. It possesses a large herd of Brittany cows, and great attention is paid to the preservation of the breed. Pig-farming and rabbit-farming are also carried on with success. The latter is considered of much importance, especially for the manure, which is of great value for the peculiar sandy soil with which the nuns have to deal on a large part of the estate. Indeed, as farmers of sand they have probably no equals. They divide their sand under three heads. 1st, brown or cold sand; 2nd, white or hot sand, in Gascon "mourets"; 3rd, grey or dead sand. The first is nearest the water level and best for vegetable cultivation. The second is very friable, and will grow fruit-trees. The third lies in thin layers with the rock immediately beneath it, and cannot be utilized for agricultural purposes. The nuns make use of a fertilizing agent for sand and light soils, invented by M. Cestac, which, as far as we know, is original. It would not do for rich land, and even here can only be used for what is known as "cold sand." The receipt for making it is as follows:—Take a given quantity of good earth, if possible mud from a pond or ditch, dry it well, pass it through a sieve; to this add half the quantity of powdered cinders mixed with soapy water from the laundry, half the quantity of wood-ash, half the quantity of coarse salt (waste after evaporation), half the quantity of lime. To this may be added guano, rotten fish, or woollen rags. The whole is then watered with soapy water and liquid manure, well stirred, and left under cover for two months. Finally, the composition is mixed in equal quantities with manure from the farm, and left to ferment for some time, when it is ready for use.

The most interesting part, however, of the institution is the Convent of the Bernardines, about half a mile from Anglet, situated in the midst of a silent forest of pines planted on the sand-heaps when the Bernardines first settled here in 1846. The Penitents—for they were not yet a religious Order—built a certain number of cells and a chapel of straw, and began their work of planting and



reclaiming the sand, which now they have made to blossom like a rose. The Order is similar to that of La Trappe, but the rules differ in some particulars on the side of laxity, and show in this, as in everything, the strong practical common sense of the founder. The life of a Bernardine is passed in the open air—a Trappistine never leaves the cloister, to whom it is a grave. The Bernardine may see her friends once a month. The Trappistine never more. The first monastery for women which sprung from the famous Abbey of Clairvaux, and followed the "Ordre de Cîteaux," was founded in the diocese of Langres in about 1125, and was called "Notre Dame de Tart." This abbey was transferred to Dijon in 1623, under the Abbess Jeanne de Courcelle de Pourlain, who revived the strict rules of St. Bernard, the observance of which had suffered from the lax influence of the manners and customs of the feudal period. Several other religious houses were founded, notably that of Port Royal de Paris; and before the Revolution there existed several houses for the reception of Penitents, one at Marseilles, one at Metz, and two at Paris; but these were all scattered by it. The "maison mère" of the Trappist Order is now at the Val Sainte, in the canton of Fribourg in Switzerland, and was founded in 1791 by the colony of La Trappe du Perche, from which the Order takes its name. There are now seven monasteries for men in France, of which the principal is Notre Dame de la Trappe, in the diocese of Séez, and nine convents for women. The name "Trappistine" was given to them after the Revolution, when the edict was pronounced against the Cistercian congregations of women, who thereupon retired to the Val Sainte and adopted the Ordre de Cîteaux, followed the same observances as the monks, and received the name of Trappistine in 1796. "Quid petis?" is the question put by the priest to the novice who would enter La Trappe. "Misericordiam Dei et vestram" is the answer, and the novice puts on the white cowl, the tunic, the leather belt, and the veil, and henceforth preserves an absolute silence. The Bernardines of the Refuge follow much the same rule; but it is not so strict. For instance, at first they were allowed to speak on Sunday, and even now, as we said before, they may see their friends and have certain other privileges; but their general rule is that of La Trappe. The approach to the convent is along a sandy road through a belt of forest; one then comes to the large clearing occupied by the convent and its gardens, and passes through a gate—above which is a board with the request to strangers to speak in a low voice—up a long sandy avenue of pines, where the feet tread noiselessly. There one is met by a cheery little Servante de Marie, whose interest in the world breaks the oppressive silence as she leads the visitor into the convent court, where two white-robed figures are picking violets, and others are piling wood to the accompaniment of a sort of litany. The building of the convent has nothing remarkable about it, and consists of a low one-storied structure built round a garden. The visitor is shown the chapel with the aisle shrouded by white curtains where the Bernardines sit, the refectory, the first chapel built of straw with a sanded floor, and a specimen of the straw cells in which the nuns lived before the convent was built. The dress of the Bernardines consists of a coarse robe of white wool, with a cord round the waist, and a large black cross on the back, and cowl drawn over the face, and they wear a bronze cross on the breast. They rise every morning at half-past four, then prayer and mass till seven o'clock, breakfast at a quarter past seven, consisting of soup, dry bread, and water, recitation of the *Miserere* at half-past seven, and then they disperse to their various occupations in the fields. At every hour a bell gives the signal for prayer. When they are working far away in the fields the sister in charge of the party gives a signal and each one remains in prayer in the posture of a labourer resting on his spade. At a quarter past eleven the whole community go to chapel till twelve, after which they march in single file to the refectory for dinner, which consists of soup and one dish, sometimes meat, sometimes vegetables. During dinner a chapter from the writings of the Saints or Fathers is read aloud, and the meal is occasionally interrupted by the ringing of a little bell as a signal for every one to stop eating for a space. Every Friday they take their dinner kneeling. After dinner, chapel, and then recreation till one o'clock. This consists in walking or tilling their little private gardens. At half-past one religious reading, and at two o'clock they go back to the fields to work. At six, supper consisting of vegetables and water; at half-past six chapel; then in summer more work in the fields till eight; in winter work indoors till the same hour. At eight o'clock prayers in the chapel, and at nine o'clock bed. On Sundays and fête days the working hours are occupied by prayer. The Bernardines now number fifty, and are under the care of a mother abbess and four Servantes de Marie. Whatever may be our objections to the monastic system, no one can but recognize the good work done by the Abbé Cestac in providing a refuge for these fallen women, from whom it must be remembered no payment is either asked or taken, and even Mr. Chamberlain could not say of these poor creatures that they toil not neither do they spin.

#### PERSIAN ART.

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club has brought together a superb loan collection of objects illustrative of Persian and Arabic art. The exhibition affords extraordinary evidence of the wealth of private collections in this country, particularly in Persian

ceramics; it comprises also a fine show in textile fabrics, many rare and beautiful examples of work in brass, bronze, and iron, a small but choice collection of glass, ivory caskets and carved wood, book-covers and illuminated MSS. Want of space prevented the inclusion among the art-work in metals of arms and armour; but the omission is less felt by reason of the excellence of this department in other respects. We can recall no loan collection that more adequately fulfils the aims of its promoters, and none assuredly so prodigal in interest and value. The various cabinets are planned with admirable taste; the Rhodian and Damascus ware repose on the rich yet subdued colour of woven fabrics, while the old Persian are relieved by a more sombre setting. The effect in both instances is very happy. The arrangement is equally satisfactory, so that the various specimens may be individually studied with every advantage the enthusiast may reasonably expect. The more prominent features of the collection and some aspects of the revived interest in Persian art are discussed by Mr. Henry Wallis in an agreeable paper prefatory to the catalogue.

Recent research into the origin of Persian art has effected so much and in so many directions that we may hope, with Mr. Wallis, that the future may yet reveal the secret source of its distinctive character. Its special forms in ornament may, perhaps, have originated in a desire to harmonize the written signs of the language, as inscriptions are so frequent a feature in its art products. The study of the present collection probably takes us no further back than the middle of the thirteenth century; and there may, of course, be some unimagined discovery yet to be made. At the same time, some of the sources of the peculiar excellence of Persian art are not far to seek. There is abundant evidence that in Persia the arts were not the profession of a few, but the practice of the many; every artisan was an artist, and the genius of the people was highly susceptible to the influences of poetry. Among other ancient examples of Persian ceramics, Mr. F. D. Godman's three wall-tiles (32-34) of the thirteenth century prove conclusively that we must look for the beginnings of the art in a remote period. Whatever may be its antiquity, there is one matter more directly interesting very suggestively illustrated at the Burlington Club. The passion of the collector is nothing modern, though it has greatly grown of late, and must receive fresh stimulus through the present exhibition. Mr. Wallis calls attention to the extraordinary interest of Mr. A. W. Franks's Rhodian jug (546), with its Elizabethan silver-gilt mounting, dated 1597-8, exhibited in 1862 at the International Exhibition. It would be interesting to trace the history of this noble piece, to know the particulars of its sojourn in England; it is more lively and pure in colour than much Rhodian, and its white foliated design on green is touched with a vivid chestnut in place of the more opaque red.

In ceramic art the catalogue recognizes the subdivisions arrived at by modern research, and Rhodian, Damascus, and Anatolian ware are separated from Persian. The separation of Rhodian has been thoroughly established by the labours of Mr. Franks. There are several examples of Persian that suggest a slight analogy, and present exceptions to the usual transparent washes and lustrous colour. The absence of opacity, the delight in such glazes as emit a lustrous iridescence and hail the light gladly and unashamed, are characteristic of Persian ware. They display inexhaustible invention and exquisite fancy in design, elegance and distinction in form, the most delicate refinement in colour. In some examples there is astonishing depth in the turquoise as of unfathomable skies; in others the purity of the foamless sea in a rocky inlet. Even more subtle are the combinations of blues and greens, that exhibit all sea changes, from deep hyaline to palest celadon, infinite in their gradations, and of ineffable harmony. A delicious little example of ethereal tone may be noted in the heavenly blue of Mr. C. J. Elton's vase (208). Another piece of notable colour is Mr. F. D. Godman's small sprinkler (68); faintly lustrous, of a clouded bistrous brown, its rich gloom interspersed with accidental lights; it has unimaginable beauty and quality. To a colourist the exhibition possesses wonderful charms and a wealth of suggestion. It is quite impossible to note save with regretful sense of injustice its manifold attractions. Mr. Drury Fortnum's ancient Egyptian bowl and libations vessel (1, 2) must not be omitted; besides supplying the wonderful turquoise which is the key to Persian colour, they are the earliest examples of pottery with a glaze similar to the Persian. In these the turquoise is marvellously true and intense. One more note of colour must be indicated, the rich and strange lustrous plaque (61) lent by Mr. A. A. Ionides. It shows the archaic figure of a warrior encompassed by a floral frame; the whole design is in blue and crimson, in high relief on a delicate grey ground, and is indescribably harmonious, soft at once and effulgent.

Gubbio and Pesaro ware may rival Persian in actual force and beauty of lustre, but no Italian majolica may compete in both lustre and beauty of design with some of the magnificent vases and bottles at the Burlington Club. Among these may be cited Mr. Drury Fortnum's cylindrical drug-pot (479), with its curious twisted raised ribs of deep olive on a dark blue ground; Mr. F. D. Godman's delicate vase (477) closely resembling the kind described by Davilliers, and, as Mr. Wallis points out, not unlike Hispano-Moresque; Sir H. B. Bacon's exquisite little two-necked bottle (95); and Sir F. Leighton's dark blue jug (71) with white arabesque and pseudo-Arabic inscription. Chinese influences may be traced in several examples in the second cabinet. Mr. J. E. Taylor's bottle (73) is a curious and somewhat uncommon form, not unsuggestive of a liqueur flask,

and full of distinction. Of decorative work applied to architecture, the finest and earliest examples are Mr. Godman's three tiles before mentioned (32-34), one of which bears a date equivalent to 1262. Even more ancient is one lent by Mr. A. Higgins (147), which is dated 1247. These, and Mr. Wallis's example (132), are exquisitely beautiful and inscribed with charms from the Koran. Sir H. B. Bacon's wall-tile (133) is notable for the beauty of its lustrous primrose ground. More elaborate examples are Mr. Godman's (147), Mr. F. Dillon's (148), and Mr. G. Salting's (149), all three abounding in interesting detail. A very beautiful moulding (506) lent by Mr. H. V. Tebbas has some delicate blue and green arabesques on a brilliant ground of lustre. Of portraiture, there is an extremely individual example, superb in colour, in Mr. Elton's old Persian tile (159). Mr. Holman Hunt sends an interesting tile (144) with an inscription "containing the name of the 'Expected Imam,' the Mahdi." Mr. L. Huth and Mr. Jarvis exhibit two tiles (139, 136) almost identical in design, though not in colour. They show a man on horseback with a hawk on his wrist. The fragment of a Persian basin (12), rescued by Mr. Fortnum from the Church of Sta. Cecilia, Pisa, is a very interesting proof of early Italian knowledge of Persian art. Mr. Fortnum considers it may date from the foundation of the Church (1107). It is curious to compare it with Mr. Godman's Persian jug (6), which it closely resembles in its black ornament and deep blue ground.

We can do little more than note Mr. L. Huth's magnificent blue and white Persian bowls (529, 538). The latter is a superb example of a spiral ornamentation that occurs only twice elsewhere, we believe, in the collection—in Mr. Fortnum's plate (220), and Mr. Dixon's dish (222). In Mr. Huth's bowl, dark blue rosettes mark the intersection of the thin green concentric spirals, producing a graceful effect. Another splendid example is Mr. Huth's large Damascus bowl (533), florid in design, with delightful harmony in its blues and sage green. Rhodian and Damascus ware are very fully represented, and Mr. Elton sends a very representative series of Anatolian. Gombroon is chiefly contributed by Mr. Dixon, Mr. Huth, Mr. Fortnum, and Mr. C. J. Ross. Among the Damascus ware are several vase-shaped lamps, lent by Mr. Elton and Mr. Godman, and the celebrated lamp from the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem (527), lent by Mr. Fortnum. Of other descriptions there are a beautiful domed Arab lamp of pierced brass, lent by Mr. Ionides (270), and Mr. Dixon's Damascus glass lamp (256), with rich enamel and an inscription setting forth the name and titles of a chamberlain of the royal guards under the Sultan En-Nasir.

The metal-work in the exhibition is of great interest. There are two pairs of wonderful brazen peacocks, lent by Mr. William Morris and Mr. Ionides; these and the camels and elephants have no special artistic interest, and rank among the more familiar marvels of Oriental ingenuity. Mr. Henry Wallis's vase (177), of brass encrusted with silver, is an exquisite example of Arab art, covered with beautifully-executed figures in medallion of hawks preying on birds, and, above them, another series, of musicians. Two very fine brass vases of pierced work (240, 242) are lent by Mr. Burne Jones and Mr. Holman Hunt; both possess similar engraved panels, but the perforation in the former is bolder than in Mr. Hunt's, where it is exquisitely delicate. Mr. C. B. Marley's brass casket (190) is richly chased on the sides with figures of horsemen, and has some bold pierced work in the cover. Among the many beautiful specimens of ancient carpets that enhance the general effect of the exhibition, we cannot pass by Mr. Salting's lovely example in silk pile (355), and the interesting Persian carpet once owned by Sir David Wilkie, now lent by Sir F. Leighton (93), with its spirited design of a lion and tiger fighting, a hunted hare, a frightened antelope, and other animals. It is only left to us to say of the glass, the book-covers, and the MSS. that they are worthy of a place in this fascinating exhibition.

#### THE THEATRES.

THE performance at the Prince's Theatre of *The School for Scandal* decidedly improves upon acquaintance. Indeed the play has not often been given so well, as a whole, in recent days. Mr. Farren's well-known and always excellent impersonation of Sir Peter has gained in point and ease, and gained yet more in power at the most seriously impressive passage of the part, when Sir Peter sees Lady Teazle on the fall of the screen. Here the actor gave exactly the right touch of tragic, as in the lighter moments of the character he gave the right touch of comic force. Mr. Coghlan's Charles Surface has also matured to even greater merit than it before possessed; there is more thought in it, though it has not lost a jot of the brilliant and well-bred gaiety which marked his first performance of the part at the Prince of Wales's. The improvement may be specially noticed in the passage about old Noll's picture. Mr. Coghlan's singing of "Here's to the Maiden" (transferred in this performance from Sir Harry Bumper to Charles) is in its way a masterpiece. He sings it, not only just as a gentleman of the time might have sung it, but also just as that particular gentleman of the time might have sung it. The actor's playing in this scene and in the screen-scene will challenge comparison with anything in the same kind that the European stage can now boast. The French theatre has no part exactly of the same calibre to afford an

instance, but it would hardly be overpraising Mr. Coghlan to put his performance on a par with the achievements of M. Delaunay in the somewhat different gaiety of the young lover in various pieces of Molière's.

Mr. Beerbohm-Tree has, since the first production of the play at the Prince's, taken a much firmer grip of the character of Joseph. The part is very well conceived—perhaps as well conceived as a part can be conceived which stands out in an artificial comedy as being wholly unnatural—and the execution has for the most part very great merits. The scene with Lady Teazle in the library suggests reminiscences of Bressant's *Tartufo*, and here the actor's means are scarcely equal to his intention, since he does not succeed in avoiding an unpleasant insistence on reality—the last thing which should be admitted in artificial comedy. But elsewhere, notably in the early part of the play and in the last scene, the Joseph is to be admired alike for intention and for skill in interpretation; and the performance of the part cannot but raise the attentive critic's opinion of Mr. Tree's perceptions and powers. Of the representation of the minor characters we have before spoken with praise, which we need not now do more than endorse on a second hearing. Mrs. Langtry's Lady Teazle is at least inoffensive, and does not spoil the pleasing effect of the whole performance. In her hands Lady Teazle has the advantage of seeming always a lady, though an excessively pompous one.

The writer of a burlesque for the Gaiety Theatre starts under heavy disadvantages. He must not be original in his treatment of character or incident; his play of fancy is limited. What he has to do is to provide for Miss Farren, the principal actress of the establishment, a part in which her vivacity may run riot; to invent a comic character for Mr. Terry, who will do such justice to it as his monotonous method permits; to devise other opportunities for Mr. Royce, and to write lines for young women who cannot speak them. When Mr. Burnand condescends to this kind of work, he easily does all that a man with his hands tied can do. Half a dozen admirable parodies of novels abundantly demonstrate the author's capacity for the higher sort of burlesque. If he appears at times to be less successful on the stage, it is doubtless because his wit has to permeate often uncongenial soil. In speaking thus we criticize Mr. Burnand as a playwright, and not as a purveyor of plays for Gaiety audiences. We should like to see him do better work; but if he did, most likely it would not answer the purpose. *Mazeppa*; or, *Bound to Win*—the sub-title is happy—seems precisely to hit the mark. Mr. Burnand is the French falconer of the stage; he flies at anything he sees. The opening scene of *Mazeppa* (which, it may be noted, for none of the papers have mentioned it, was adapted to the stage under the direction of M. Ducrow, and produced on Easter Monday, 1831) suggests *Romeo and Juliet*, and the Balcony Scene is travestied accordingly with reference to Miss Mary Anderson, whose crude essay in the part of Juliet was lately seen at a neighbouring theatre. Here would be the opportunity for much fun if the player who represents Oliniska had the ability to fill in the caricature, which unfortunately is not the case. Later on, scenes from *The Lady of Lyons* and *Le Maître de Forges* are burlesqued; but Mr. Terry as the Count Premislas trusts to his odd manner, instead of exaggerating the style of some known Claude Melnotte and Derblay; and Miss Broughton, who is called upon to mimic Pauline Deschappelles and Claire de Beaupré, is devoid of any humour or sense of fun. The Gaiety audience does not note the deficiency, and is quite contented with things as they are; but it is hard on Mr. Burnand. His parodies of *Diplomacy* and *Fedora* at other theatres were successful because the players perceived and utilized their chances; the Haymarket company in the one, and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in the other case, were very happily caricatured. Mr. Burnand's reputation was enhanced, because his hints were carried out. *Mazeppa*, whatever may be its success, will not enhance his reputation, because his hints are not carried out. Miss Farren dances, attitudinizes, and sings songs which are popular in proportion to their stupidity. When the heartiest applause of the evening is obtained from the delivery of a meaningless music-hall song, wit and humour are obviously at a discount. Writing for such a company and such an audience must be sorry labour. *Mazeppa* seems so much to the taste of the frequenters of this theatre that it may for a time revive the drooping interest in Gaiety burlesque; but we gather from various signs that interest in this class of entertainment is drooping. The author has fallen a little short in his provision of a part for Mr. Royce. This actor has some comic capacity, which does not here find much vent.

At the Empire Theatre *The Lady of the Locket*, which is described as a comic opera, has been produced. The description is incorrect, because the opera is not comic. Mr. H. Hamilton, the author, calls one of his characters Infinitudo di Twaddleri. Had the name stood upon the title-page of the comic opera no one would have disputed its appropriateness. Mr. Hamilton is a curiously dull writer. Perhaps it is well that his jokes are so few, because when they do come they are so bad. The scene of the opera is Venice, and some fairly picturesque views of the city have been provided. The dresses of the players are handsome. On the whole, the spectacle is bright and agreeable. Mr. William Fullerton, a composer whose name is little known, has written some tuneful music. It lacks special character and originality, but answers the purpose well enough, especially as the songs afford escape from Mr. Hamilton's dialogue. Miss Florence



St. John is the heroine of the opera; but, as she has little good music to sing and no good scenes to act, her efforts are less than usually successful.

A second hearing of *Masks and Faces* at the Haymarket confirms the good impression made at first. The only adverse criticism to be made on the performance as a whole is that it is taken too slow; and this is no doubt due to the same attitude of mind which causes Mr. Bancroft to give his admirably pathetic Triplets flouts at the critics as deliberate insults instead of what they certainly should be—expressions of an excited and extravagant state of emotion. Mr. Forbes-Robertson chooses to play Sir Charles Pomander in a kind of barley-sugar Mephistopheles fashion. This he is, of course, free to do; but he might spare us the conventional Satanic eyebrows. It is only fair to add that he plays the part decidedly well from his point of view, which we hold to be entirely mistaken. All the parts are indeed played well from the players' conceptions. Mr. Brookfield's conception of Cibber has been called extravagant. People who will take the trouble to find out what manner of man Cibber was will discover that the treatment is not only very skilful, but is also true to history.

#### SWIFT'S LETTERS.

IT is to be hoped that most of our great classics have fared better at the hands of their editors than has the greatest of our satirists—Jonathan Swift. Few men have been more written about or talked about, and yet with all the so-called light that in recent years has been thrown upon the life of this unfortunate and gifted man, much appears yet to be wanting to the perfection of our knowledge of his works, or at least of part of them. Not the least of his misfortunes is the posthumous one of inaccurate editing. We can speak positively on this point so far as regards a portion of his correspondence.

A most valuable discovery was made the other day of nearly all Swift's autograph letters to Alderman Barber. After they had been mislaid for many years, these Barber letters were found by their owner in a locked-up bureau in an old manor-house. The letters date from 1732 to 1739, a painful but interesting period of Swift's life; there are many touches in them of kindly and thoughtful feeling for others; they clearly show how he clung to old remembrances and to old friends; still more clearly do they show how much he suffered from deafness, giddiness, and loss of memory, and how life was becoming more and more a burden to him before he sank into the apathetic silence of his last three years. All the letters are printed in Scott's second edition of Swift in Vols. XVIII. and XIX.; but as printed there they are full of mistakes, omissions, and insertions, and it is evident that Scott could only have had access to copies. We will note some of the errors. In the letter of August 10th, 1732, there are at least seven mistakes. In the letter of December 14th, 1732, this P.S. is entirely omitted by Scott:—"I give your Lordship all the good wishes for the approaching season, and the succeeding year. I had a very friendly letter lately from Dr. Trap, to whom I present my most humble service and shall in a short time acknowledge his letter." The letter of December 28th, 1736, is misdated December 8th. In the letter of March 30th, 1737, there are two interpolations—namely, after the word "Plantations," Scott inserts, "I mean the oppression by landlords," and after the words "such Leases as you are now taking," he inserts, "For you ought to remember the fable of the hen who laid every second day a golden egg; upon which her mistress killed her to get the whole lump at once." It is difficult to imagine how these insertions could have crept in. The mistake of "Sample" for "Handsell" occurs in the same letter. From the letter of March 9th, 1737-8, Scott omits this P.S.:—"I have five old small silver medals of the Cæsars, very plain, with the Inscriptions; they were found in an old Church-yard. Would my L<sup>d</sup> Oxford think them worth taking?"

There are many other errors; and Scott dates all the letters at the top, whereas in the originals (with the exception of the letter of December 28th, 1736, which has the date at the top, and the letter of July 1733, which is undated) the date appears at the bottom. In every case but one the signature is wrongly printed. There are altogether upwards of seventy errors in fourteen letters. If many parts of Scott's Swift are as inaccurate as these letters to Alderman Barber, the recent republication of it without correction is more than ever to be regretted. We understand that thirteen of these letters to Barber are to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge in April, when it may be hoped that they will be secured for the British Museum.

#### TWO CONCERTS.

LAST Saturday's concert at the Crystal Palace was in quality a trifle mixed and indiscriminate, and in effect a little monotonous. There was too much "romantic" music in the programme; and of the "classic" masters—the heroes of form, as opposed to their successors, the heroes of sentiment—not nearly enough. The first number (excellently played) was Mr. Manns's tasteful and craftsmanlike transcript for orchestra of that *Overture in C*, which Mendelssohn wrote at fifteen for the wind-band of a Mecklenburg watering-place, and afterwards arranged for a full military band. The Symphony was Beethoven's fourth, in B

Flat; the delicious and enchanting fantasy, set, as Schumann has it, between the "Eroica" and the tremendous C Minor, like a slender maid of Hellas between two Norse giants. At Mr. Manns's hands it received full justice. Indeed, it was interpreted with a force, a brilliance, a completeness of sentiment and effect, which showed that the whole orchestra, from the chief to the drums, enjoyed and felt it as it deserves. And this unanimity was the more apparent by reason of their comparative failure in the preceding number—an excerpt, vocal and orchestral, from the *Tristan und Isolde* of Richard Wagner. Here they were by no means agreed, here they were by no means at home; and the consequence was that the music, which has to be perfectly rendered to be tolerable in the concert-room at all, dragged woefully, and seemed, what of course it is not, only obscure.

The only other instrumental number of importance was Dvorák's *Scherzo Capriccioso*, a brilliant and dashing piece of work, abounding in melody which is often right music of a kind, and scored with immense energy and a fulness of colour now and then a little startling. Like the *Tristan* excerpt, it was on the whole indifferently played, the contrasts being coarse and violent, the nuances indeterminate, and the whole effect confused and vague. The soloists were Miss Anna Williams and Herr Robert Hausmann, a violoncellist whom we do not remember to have heard elsewhere. The lady sang the vocal part—Isolde's "Verklärung"—in the extract from Wagner's opera, and the setting of Moore's pleasant and graceful lyric, "There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream," which occurs in Dr. Stanford's *Veiled Prophet*. Both were rendered with intelligence, and a certain potency of expression, and the second was loudly applauded. Herr Hausmann took part in Davidoff's *Andante and Allegro* for orchestra and cello, in which he made but little impression, and afterwards played as solos a delightful "Preludium" and "Allemande," by Corelli, and an *Elfen Tanz* by Popper. The latter piece is not good music, but it is cleverly written, and abounds in opportunities of display, of which Herr Hausmann made the most. His accomplishment is considerable; his tone, especially in cantabile passages, is excellent; he plays with understanding and conviction; and he may be credited with a success.

For lovers of pure music Mr. Oscar Beringer's Bach Concert, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday last, was in its way and degree a feast. Mr. Manns conducted a triple quintet of strings, which were heard, in as many combinations, with one, two, three, and four pianos. A certain monotony of colouring and a certain sameness of effect were inevitable. But they were not unattractive in themselves; and the musical qualities of the work produced, its infinite variety of rhythmical and harmonic invention, the nobility of form, and the freshness and dignity of idea—in a word, its extraordinary merits as an expression of purely presentative art—were great and vigorous enough to keep the mind in action and the interest alive and eager from first to last. The opening number, neatly and intelligently played by Mr. Beringer, was the *Concerto in D Minor*, remarkable, above all, for the magnificent movement, "Allegro risoluto," with which it commences. The second, the *Concerto in D Minor*, was capably rendered by Mr. Beringer and Mr. Franklin Taylor. In the third, the *Concerto in C Major*, which went wonderfully well, these gentlemen were reinforced, at the third piano, by Mr. Walter Bache; while in the last, the *Concerto in A Major*, the fourth piano was taken by Mr. Alfred Richter. The last number, it should be noted, was the best and most moving of all. The opening movement, "Moderato," is large, stately, and melodious; it is succeeded by a brief and very beautiful "Largo"; and this, in its turn, gives place to an "Allegro," as full of fire and spirit, as fine in form and as vigorous in method, as anything of Bach's we know. The vocalist was Mme. Antoinette Sterling. She was in excellent voice, and sang with good style and all her wonted nicety of expression a somewhat tedious sacred air, "In deine Hände," and "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken"—as sweet and graceful a love-song as one could wish to hear. The concert was fairly well attended. If it was an experiment, it was successful enough to justify repetition.

#### CAUCUS TRIOLETS.

["That this General Meeting of the City of Ripon Liberal Association desires to record the unabated Loyalty of the Liberal Party in Ripon to the great Leader who still happily controls the destinies of the Empire!"]

O HAPPY Leader, happy Land,  
O Loyalty that's unabated!  
Shall Goschen lift a daring hand  
(O happy Leader, happy Land!)  
Against the schemes, so wisely planned,  
That, somehow, *always* are checkmated?  
O happy Leader, happy Land,  
O Loyalty that's unabated!

With Gladstone in, benignant Peace  
Broods, like an angel, everywhere;  
Our taxes, it is true, increase  
With Gladstone in, benignant Peace!  
But how we're feared (at least in Greece),  
How dreaded—by the Russian bear!  
With Gladstone in, benignant Peace  
Broods, like an angel, everywhere!

To Gladstone, then, we sacrifice  
Whole hecatombs of England's friends;  
When Tewfik bleeds, when Gordon dies,  
To Gladstone then, we sacrifice,  
We do not hear Kassala's cries,  
It falls to serve its private ends!  
To Gladstone, then, we sacrifice  
Whole hecatombs of England's friends!

Let all the Empire sing and say,  
How Gladstone happily controls!  
From Suakim sweet to pleased Pend-jeh,  
Let all the Empire sing and say,  
Oh happy, happy, happy day!  
Bliss of Emancipated Souls!  
Let all the Empire sing and say,  
How Gladstone happily controls!

## REVIEWS.

### THE EARLY MILITARY LIFE OF SIR GEORGE NAPIER.\*

A VERY ardent lover of letters might well be excused for regretting that these *Passages in the Early Military Life of General Sir George Napier* are not a work of fiction. They are so thoroughly what Defoe or Thackeray would have written if they had set themselves to draw the picture of an honourable veteran devoting himself in his age to telling his children just as much of his experiences as was wholesome for them to hear. The General was not old in years when he wrote this narrative. He was barely forty-five, but he was old in experience and worn by war. With the literary instinct which was born into the Napiers along with their fiery valour and the hatred of soap and water attributed to them by military and naval satirists, Sir George has picked out precisely the proper subjects to write upon. "Your uncle William," he says to his children, is giving the world a history of the Peninsular War. That will be a possession for ever, and will tell you the whole story. What I shall do is to give you my recollections of the daily scenes of a soldier's life on the march, on the field of battle, in the bivouac. In carrying out his scheme he has produced a book of the rarest kind, and which will have an enduring value. He gives all that side of military life neglected by the mass of historians, who are concerned only with the movements of armies and the results of campaigns. Every condition needed meets in his book. The scene was great, the witness keen-sighted and honourable. It is a further advantage that Sir George never contemplated publication. He wrote his narrative in 1828 exclusively for his children, and it has only recently been published by his son, who very rightly thought that such a valuable record and such a model of its kind should no longer remain unknown. The editor has not published the whole narrative, but he has very properly retained many passages in which Sir George speaks directly to his children, and sententiously draws the moral of the tale he is telling. They give a personal tone to the book, and should delight any reader endowed with a moderate share of imagination. Sir George never prosed. He was training his boys to be soldiers, and gave them what his experience taught him was the best advice. Incidentally he has drawn up a noble treatise on the whole duty of an officer and a gentleman. Like his own portrait, it is delicately beautiful and yet manly. Once when he bids his daughters take example by the patient bravery of their mother, he becomes most touching. Of Sir George's style it may be said that it is the English of a gentleman in the highest sense, the English of those "little learned courtiers" who were praised by Ben Jonson. He writes like a man who thought it a part of manners to do all things in measure, to be easy and unaffected, but who had no fear of being pathetic and even fierce when those moods were justified by the circumstances.

Sir George Napier's career might well have been spoilt at the beginning. At the age of fifteen he was gazetted to the 24th Light Dragoons, and put on the helmet bearing the motto "Death or Glory" with a boy's natural delight in the possession of such an ornament. His experience of the Dragoons was short and unfavourable. He remained in the regiment only six months, and he says, "I must acknowledge, however painful the confession, that, except to ride, and get a tolerable knowledge of horses, paying well in my purse for the same, I learned nothing but to drink, and to enter into every kind of debauchery, which is disreputable to a gentleman." His father promptly removed him from the Dragoons, and sent him into the 46th Foot, under an old family friend, Sir James Duff. Here also the drinking was heavy; but George Napier was shown by his new colonel "that, although a man was wild, and drank as our officers did, yet, if he was an honourable man, and had the feelings of a gentleman, he never would, even in his drunken moments, do a cowardly or unmanly act." In short, Sir James, and perhaps also his sober big brother Charles, who was an officer in the same regiment, taught him to carry his liquor like a gentleman. Before long George Napier passed from the 46th to the 52nd, which was to be his home for years. In this corps he soon had an opportunity of showing that

he could take punishment like a man. When the regiment was stationed at Canterbury he and two fellow-officers, Robert and Charles Rowan, found themselves in debt to the paymaster. It seemed to all three that this was an "uncomfortable and disreputable" state of things; and accordingly they withdrew from mess and lived on bread and milk till they had paid every penny they owed. The young men were obviously not of a nature to require much instruction as to what was the right and honourable thing to do; but it is more than possible that they were encouraged in this case by the influence of their brigadier, Sir John Moore. This officer, the Hector of Sir William Napier's Iliad, according to the classical Ford, was plainly the model officer and gentleman in the eyes of Sir George, who served him as aide-de-camp. There are repeated mentions of the Duke of Wellington, as is only natural, in this book, and they are full of loyal admiration. More than once the author stops to confute charges brought against the Iron Duke, and he always does it heartily; but it is nevertheless clear that Sir John Moore remained to the end the object of a species of devotion never inspired by the more successful leader. Under the Hector of the English armies—it was no mere pedantry that made Ford choose the name—George Napier began his experience of war. He followed him during those strange half-naval campaigns in which British armies wandered along the coasts of Europe from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, from the Baltic back to the Mediterranean, till they found a fit battle-field in Spain. The sufferings of George Napier must often have been dire, for he was a victim to sea-sickness to the last. Of one adventure, when he was tossed about in a transport off Cape Spartel for three long weeks by a howling Levanter, he speaks with a shudder more than twenty years after. In one of these cruises he saw a scene which it makes one's blood run quicker to read of. In 1806 he was on his way to Sicily with Sir John Moore, miserably sea-sick as usual, and lying prostrate, with fog hanging over everything; but

In a few days the weather cleared up, and on a fine bright morning, the anniversary of the glorious battle of Trafalgar, in the very spot where that greatest of all naval battles was fought the year before, in which the immortal Nelson fell, as he had lived, the pride of England's navy and the successful conqueror and destroyer of the fleets of France, did we meet that same British fleet under the command of that excellent, skilful, gallant, and good man, Lord Collingwood. Immediately the signal was made by our commander, Sir Thomas Duckworth, for the ships of the convoy to pass under the Admiral's stern, the soldiers dressed and paraded on the decks, with bands playing "Rule Britannia" and colours flying; and as we passed our colours dropped, and, presenting arms, we gave three hearty cheers, the fine sailor-like old Admiral taking off his hat and bowing to us, his own brave crew and the rest of his fleet returning our cheers with loud huzzahs. My ship, in which was our band, was, curiously enough, called the *Collingwood* after him, and had a fine large figure of the Admiral at her head, painted in full uniform, and we led the van in this well-timed compliment, as Collingwood himself had led the van in the battle. I never felt more elated or saw a finer sight.

The scene, like the compliment, was well timed. In 1806 the period of naval battles was over, the period of land battles was about to begin, and, as Collingwood saluted the fleet bearing Sir John Moore's army, he represented the seamen who, having done their work most thoroughly, were yielding the first place in the struggle to the soldiers.

Two years later Captain George Napier began to take his place in the heroic Peninsular War. He arrived too late to be present at the battle of Vimiera, but he was all through Sir John Moore's campaign; he served under the Duke till his arm was shattered while he was leading the forlorn hope at Ciudad Rodrigo; and after a period of service in England he returned to take part in the fighting which followed the passage of the Pyrenees. At Coruña he lost his beloved General, his dearest friend, and for a time he thought he had lost his brother Charles, who fell wounded into the hands of the French. The indomitable Charles turned up after his family had lost all hope, and announced his arrival by sending his mother a scrap of paper on which was written, "Hudibras, you lie! you lie! for I have been in battle slain, and I live to fight again." Wounds came in abundance to the Napiers. Sir George gives one sketch of a meeting of the brothers all either wounded or recovering from wounds. At Busaco the whole brood were together, including their cousin Charles, the naval man, who, being on half-pay, had come to see a little of what he called "the d— rum business" of land fighting. Keeping steadily to his intention of not dealing with the great manœuvres, Sir George gives scene after scene of his marches, his fighting, his sufferings in hospital, and one milder picture of his flirtations, which for the rest were very innocent, and he speaks much and delightfully of his men. One capital passage describes how Colonel Beckwith's regiment was one night surprised by the French, and thereupon turned out in shirts, or even no shirts, with its colonel in dressing-gown, nightcap, and slippers, at its head, and bayoneted those rash Frenchmen. One sterner passage may be quoted at length, for it gives a battle picture like few. During some operations on the Spanish frontier the light division had been unduly pushed forward by Sir Thomas Erskine, and Napier's battalion was far forward after a morning of desultory fighting among vineyards and cork-woods—the rest we give in his own words:—

"At this time poor Major Stewart received a shot through his body; several other officers were also wounded, and the command again devolved upon me. It was now about mid-day, and as my men had nearly expended all their ammunition I was giving some directions to my lieutenant, Gifford—he was a few steps before me, and I had just turned round—when I saw some Frenchmen, who were concealed among the bushes, start up, and as poor Gifford's back was turned towards them while he was receiving orders from me, the muzzles of their muskets were within two or three

\* *Passages in the Early Military Life of General Sir George Napier, K.C.B.* Written by Himself. Edited by his Son, General W. C. E. Napier. London: John Murray.



yards of his head when they fired and he fell! I rushed forward, caught him in my arms, when to my horror his head fell back, and his brains literally splashed on the ground. My excellent and valued friend was a corpse! The back of his skull was blown off. Some of my men who saw the whole thing at the same instant dashing forward, plunged their bayonets into the Frenchmen's bodies, and revenged the death of their officer. I laid his body gently on the ground; the soldiers wrapped it up in his cloak, and, under a heavy fire from the enemy, dug a grave in the sandy soil, and in this rough but glorious sepulchre were deposited the remains of Theophilus Gifford, as honourable, generous, gallant, and guileless a soldier as ever the fate of war cut off in the prime of youth, health, and spirits. The soldiers then fired a volley over his grave, which volley carried death to some brave fellows in the enemy's ranks, and thus in the space of a quarter of an hour finished the life and funeral of my friend.

The fates of books are diverse, and the end of their published life is by no means uniformly in keeping with the beginning. This collection of reminiscences has started quietly enough, but it will be matter for surprise if it does not outlive some others of the same class which have created a greater immediate noise in our day. The editor hopes that it may "be useful to young officers, and not without interest to the general reader." We, for our part, can commend it to every soldier, be he officer or not, as a book to be learned by heart, and to the "general reader" as a book which will give him a vivid picture of a very high and gallant gentleman, who lived in an heroic time. One regret only is aroused by reading it. We have no parallel account of the contemporary navy, and what an amount of philosophy in "ology" one would give to see the quarter-decks and batteries of the *Victory* and the *Royal Sovereign* through the eyes of such a witness as Sir George Napier.

#### MR. BESANT'S NEW STORIES.\*

MR. BESANT'S new tales are all, or almost all, fairy stories, not of science, but of "the long result of time." They belong, more or less, to the class of "impossible stories," if we may adopt the name which the author himself gave to *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*. There is this peculiarity about many of Mr. Besant's stories that, while they seem to work themselves out in the most workaday of worlds, and while the characters dine on beef (when they can get it) and dress in homespun, the "machinery" is as vaporous and impalpable as Pope's "machinery" of sylphs and gnomes. Even when the scene is Whitechapel, or Chelsea, or the place of entertainment known as "the Britannier-oxton"; even when the persons are the keepers of accounts or of railway bookstalls, there enters a fairy kind of element of perversity, surprise, adventure; in fact, of the impossible. Another curious thing is that the closer Mr. Besant approaches "actuality," the nearer he comes to the smoky and squalid life of the East End, the more he introduces an effective kind of prosaic fantasy. There is nothing of the sort, or comparatively little, in the author's historical novels; and, even if a manner of witch or sibyl appears there, she is felt to be in keeping. But it produces quite a novel effect when we have the good fairy, disguised as the penniless Uncle Jack, in a commonplace modern country town, or when the good enchanter descends, as miraculous as a Mahatma, but in appearance a Hindoo mathematician, on an old book-shop in Chelsea. As the local environment, to use very brave words, is invariably described with much minuteness; as the description is firmly touched, and gives, as a rule, a sense of reality, the impossibilities of the plot and action become the more odd and fascinating. Impossibility tempered by the ordinary is, in short, the distinction of most of these stories. Mr. Besant makes the newest and most audacious use of the fine antiquated dodges and *ficelles* of fiction, of the incredibly foolish will (though nothing can exceed the folly of actual testators), of an unheard-of ignorance of life in one of the characters, of various devices, in fact, which are perfectly familiar, but become strange and interesting through the very boldness of their revival.

*Uncle Jack*, though by no means the best of the five stories in the volume, illustrates pretty well the capricious and taking manner which we have attempted to describe in general terms. *Uncle Jack* is, at bottom, a study of life in one of those typical English towns where there is a society of retired Indians, of old generals and colonels, of every one who loves and dwells in pleasant villas with sufficient gardens. Here, as in Bath, and, we may add, in Clifton, "the needs of the town—I designedly use the parochial and pulpit word, because the business is of such importance, and brooks of no delay—were very great and crying." Surely, by-the-bye, we say "brooks no delay," not "brooks of no delay." However that may be, the town in *Uncle Jack* was "extraordinarily congested." The surplus female population (to use terms which the Mahdi and his faithful followers would not understand) was very surplus indeed. "At this town it was estimated, by a distinguished member of the Statistical Society, that there was a population of thirty-three and one-third girls to every man." However, out of thirty girls, two had lovers. Cicely Thornton and Christina Branson were engaged to each other's brothers. These fair maids are so described by the ingenious author that you believe in their beauty. This is a very difficult thing to do. Any novelist can tell you his heroine is a paragon; he may, and generally does, assure you that she has the pearliest teeth, the neatest ankles, the largest and most violet eyes,

and the most bronze-coloured hair in the world. But to do all this, and to give one a lively sense that the heroine is beautiful, are two very different things. Mr. Besant has the power of conveying the impression he desires, and that does much towards making his young women interesting. The course of the love affairs of Cicely Thornton and Christina Branson did not run smooth. They might have run smooth; but, to trouble them, Mr. Besant simply and audaciously brings forward the Stepmother and the Wicked Fairies, fairies of various sorts. The *donnée* is as old as Cinderella, and Cinderella is prehistoric. The stepmother is Christina's stepmother, whose fond husband makes an extraordinary, though by no means unparalleled, will:—

It was a good property, consisting of an estate with houses, shares and moneys in stocks, as a gentleman's property ought to be. He devised it, therefore, to his children, subject first to a charge upon the estate during the lifetime of his widow, their stepmother, for her maintenance, and, next, to these conditions: his son was to be allowed four hundred pounds a year only until he married, when, if he married with his stepmother's consent, he would succeed to his inheritance, and if against this consent, the property should all go to his daughter provided she had not married against her stepmother's consent; and as regards his daughter aforesaid, she was to have two hundred pounds a year until she married, when she would succeed to her portion of fifteen thousand pounds, provided that she married with her stepmother's consent, and if against that consent, her share was to go to her brother, with the same provision. And if both married without the consent of their stepmother, the whole was to go to her. This delightful will the testator justified by explaining that young people ought to marry early; that it is a very dangerous and difficult matter for young people to choose wisely; and that he placed the greatest reliance on the judgment and prudence of his wife. Nobody, to be sure, ever called Mr. Samuel Branson a wise man.

The stepmother was not the worst of it. She was not a bad, but a headstrong and foolish, woman, and she fell under the dominion of bad fairies peculiarly hateful to Mr. Besant—namely, the friends of Women's Rights. There was a male kind of woman, a lecturer, who carried hideous vice so far as to wear a *pince-nez*, but who was pretty. There was a kind of She-man, who dressed in an undesirable manner. These two taught Mrs. Branson to speak on platforms, they made her home their own, and they proposed to wed her two children. Now these beings are really as impossible as, we hope more so than, wicked fairies. To relieve the oppressed lovers a giant-killer, a man of heart, one who can turn the edge of all enchantments, is necessary, and he appears in the long-lost Uncle Jack. In an age of telegrams and letters this wandering uncle has remained wholly ignorant of the affairs of his family. Rousseau objected, very absurdly, to the plot of the *Odyssey*, that a single letter from Odysseus to Penelope, a letter he might have posted in *Æma*, or *Scheria*, or *Laestrygonia*, would have cleared everything up. The criticism, worth nothing when applied to the work of the Chian, would be fatal to *Uncle Jack*, if *Uncle Jack* were not a fairy tale. We accept Uncle Jack and his ignorance of his family's history, and his family's ignorance of him, and their belief that he is a nabob with cartloads of nuggets or lakhs of rupees, as perfectly possible and natural. Uncle Jack himself is natural, possible, and charming, and what more do you want? But, as soon as we learn that the Bransons have been enriched by an unexpected legacy while Uncle Jack was away, as soon as we learn that, we see what the end is to be, and anticipate the punishment of the wicked stepmother and the discomfiture of the bad fairies. How all this was managed the sagacious reader probably guesses; if he does not, or whether he does not or does, he may turn to the book and read for himself. Except for a trifle too much description, and of disquisition in the air at the beginning, the story must please all lovers of fairy tales—every one, that is, with an unspoiled taste. It may be urged that the performances of the Women's Rights people are too broadly caricatured; but it is never possible to be certain that any caricature is too broad in this wonderful age. When Mr. Gilbert cannot invent anything half so funny as the serious statements of the Admiralty, probably the believers in woman's vote, hopelessly without humour as they are, outdo the vagaries of Mr. Besant's fiction. Perhaps the best thing in *Uncle Jack* is the song of the unsuccessful rover, the modern buccaneer with none of the prize-money. We publish as much of the song as we have space for; it is about as good as Adam Gordon at his best, which is saying a great deal:—

The ship was outward bound, when we drank a health around  
('Twas the year fifty-three, or thereabout),  
We were all for Melbourne Ho! where, like peas, the nuggets grow,  
And my heart, though young and green, was also stout.

I was two-and-twenty then, and like many other men  
Among that gallant company afloat,  
I had played in the eleven, and pulled five or six or seven  
In the 'Varsity or else the College boat.

We were rusticated, plucked, in disgrace, and debt, and chucked,  
Out of patience with our friends—and unkind  
But all of us agreed, that a gent'leman in need,  
His fortune o'er the seas would surely find.

So we liquored up and laughed, day by day aboard that craft,  
Till we parted at the port, and went ashore;  
And since, of that brave crew, I have come across a few,  
And we liquor and we talk, but laugh no more.

'Tis how one in far Fiji, went beach-combing by the sea;  
One in Papua pioneered and died;  
One took coppers on a car, or mixed nobblers at a bar,  
Or in country stores forgot Old Country pride.

\* *Uncle Jack*, &c. By Walter Besant. London: Chatto & Windus. 1885.

And how in coral isles one courted Fortune's smiles,  
And how one in a shanty kept a school;  
North and south, and east and west, how we tried our level best,  
And did no good at all, as a rule.

And how some took to drink, and some to printer's ink,  
And shepherded or cattle-drove awhile;  
But never that I know—and so far as stories go—  
Did one amongst us all make his pile.

Well: 'tis better here than there, since rags *must* be our wear;  
In the bush we are equal—every man.  
And we're all of us agreed, that a gentleman in need  
Must earn his daily damper—as he can.

*Julia* is another fairy tale, though the hero is but the keeper of a railway bookstall, and though fairyland is no further off than Muswell Hill. It is fairyland all the same, and steeped in the bloom of young desire and the purple light of love by the affection of poor Julia and her clerk. The pitiful story of Julia is almost too sad to read, though we may console ourselves for her ill-luck and all the squalor of a life near the City Road by reflecting that this, too, is an "impossible story." The lover could scarcely have been in such deep fathomless ignorance of his own private affairs as he must be to bring about the pitiful end of the adventure.

Another story, which may not seem impossible to Mr. Gurney and Mr. Myers, is perhaps the best in the volume. *Sir Jocelyn's Cap* frankly accepts supernatural conditions. The hero has a Wishing Cap, with familiar spirit complete, a Wishing Cap presented to a crusading forefather. But when Sir Jocelyn begins to use the cap, though supernatural results follow, they are not quite satisfactory. He wishes for money, and straightway a sum, miserably inadequate (3*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.*), lies before him. He asks for "more money," and there is a dribble of small change. His cap introduces him to the wrong people, affiances him to the wrong sister, makes a door give way behind him when he says, "I wish I was out of this," and when he "wishes this stuff would poison him" has methylated spirit instead of seltzer water poured into his whisky. In fact, there is no limit to the half-and-half, unsatisfactory way in which his desires, solemn or careless, are fulfilled. The prettiest touch is when he has lost the right sister, Nelly, and got engaged to the wrong one, Caroline. Meanwhile Nelly herself is happily betrothed to "another"—

"And now," she said, "you may go to Caroline. My dear boy, why—why did not your uncle, or your father, make money in frillings at Coventry?"

Jocelyn went to Caroline; but it was with creeping feet, as a schoolboy goes to school, and with hanging head, as that boy goes on his way to certain punishment.

"What on earth am I to say to her?" he thought. "Am I to kiss her? Will she expect me to kiss her? Hang it! I don't want to kiss her. I wish I could kiss Nelly instead."

Just then Nelly herself ran out.

"Oh, Jocelyn!" she said; "you have seen mamma? Of course it is all right. I am so glad! You are going to Caroline?—poor Caroline! You are going to be my brother! I am so glad, and I am so happy—we are all so happy! Did mamma tell you about me as well? Wish me joy, brother Jocelyn!"

"My dear Nelly," he said, with a little sob in his voice—"I suppose I may call you Nelly now, and my dear Nelly as well—I sincerely wish you all the joy that the world has to give."

She put up her face and smiled. He stooped and kissed her forehead.

"Be happy, sister Nelly," he whispered, and left her.

Nelly wondered why there was a tear in his eye. Her own lover certainly had not shed one tear since he first came a-courting; but then men are different.

The conclusion of this extremely original and humorous tale may be left to the pleasing researches of the reader. The supernatural, with modern properties and in modern life, has very seldom been better handled, and the human interest, as in almost all of Mr. Besant's stories, is very great. We learn from a footnote that the idea of the ineffectual Wishing Cap, and of the cause of its inefficiency, belongs to Mr. Charles Brookfield; while the tale was written in collaboration with Mr. Walter Pollock. Yet little, if any, light is thrown on the deep mystery of collaboration, and only a very ingenious professor of the Higher Criticism will be able to discriminate, and he perhaps wrongly, between the work of the two hands. But between the "Two Isaiahs," or the Two Obadias, or the hundred Homers said to have collaborated, the Germans and their British followers do discriminate, with ease, if not exactly with harmony among themselves. Of the remaining tales we greatly prefer *A Glorious Fortune*, both for the humour of "Johnny" and the very natural and gentlemanly villain, and for the scenery, English and Californian. *In Luck at Last*, unlike the other pieces, does not make on us the curious impression of reality in the midst of fantasy which is the mark of these and of most of Mr. Besant's short stories. A weak-eyed generation may object to the small type and crowded pages, regardless of the consolation that thereby they get more for their money.

#### HISTORY OF THE PARSIS.\*

SEVERAL of the staunchest friends of the natives of India are often perplexed and annoyed by the first fruits of their training in modern ideas. Hindus who would never strike one blow

or make a single sacrifice for freedom of thought and action, who have been emancipated, almost against their will, from civil disabilities or debasing superstitions, talk as men might do whose fathers had defied the Star Chamber or lost their heads on Tower Hill. The language of their speeches, pamphlets, and protests is often pompous and inflated. Their claims are extravagant and unreasonable. Whilst still tenacious of all privileges of caste, precedence, and inequality in their own circle, they skilfully borrow the language of ultra-Liberalism in public, and declaim volubly against invidious distinctions and unequal laws. Some of them condescend to lecture English society on its obvious shortcomings, to patronize English statesmen, and to speak compassionately of the misguided Hastings and the unscrupulous Clive. The Anglo-Indian administrator who in defence of native rights has occasionally endured from his own countrymen as much misrepresentation as would last the editor of the — or the — for a month, does not know what to do with this batch of young cuckoos. For a few moments he may be induced to speculate whether he and his party have acted rightly in putting these notions into the heads of young India, and whether the natives should not have been left to squabble about caste, to fill subordinate positions as policemen or clerks, or to furnish accountants to large mercantile houses. No doubt such feelings are wrong and do not last, and they will happily not be excited by the two volumes before us. Not only do we find a manly, expressive, and simple style, but the whole tone and scope of the work are of the best possible augury. Perhaps the arrangement of the subjects might have been improved. We should have put into one volume all that relates to the early history of the sect in Persia, its migration to Guzerat, and the tenets of Zoroaster, and then have reserved vol. ii. for an account of modern customs, the progress of education, and the biographies and charities of eminent Parsis. Both volumes are distinguished by temperance of argument, accuracy of research and investigation, genuine loyalty, and absence of bombast or querulousness, such as is rarely to be observed in the writings of educated natives. Old Rajas and young Bengalis especially might take a lesson from this history of a very enlightened, a long persecuted, and a not very numerous class.

The early history of the Parsis is soon told. Driven from Persia proper by the Arab conqueror, they remained for about a century in the mountains of Khorassan. Mahomedan persecution eventually drove them thence to the island of Ormus at the mouth of the Persian Gulf, whence in the eighth century they took refuge in Guzerat; and about the end of the seventeenth century or shortly after the cession to us of the island of Bombay, we find Parsis established as traders and bankers at Surat, Cambay, Navsari, Mazagon, and Malabar Hill then overgrown with jungle. It is a notable fact that while the refugees maintained their religion unimpaired, they dropped their own original language and adopted a dialect of Western India. Many of their religious festivals, their months and days, their proper names, are derived from the Pehlevi or the Pazand languages. But the vernacular tongue of a Parsi is Guzerati. This dialect, says Mr. R. N. Cust in his *Modern Languages of the East Indies*, is "the last of the Aryan vernaculars," and it is spoken from the Gulf of Kach or Kutch to the river Nerbudda. It has been termed by Mr. Beames almost a dialect of Hindi. Many words in familiar use in Guzerati resemble the Marathi dialect. It is the tongue of some seven millions of population, Mahomedans, Hindus of Bombay, and Marwaris; and any one who has a fair acquaintance with Sanskrit will find no difficulty in comprehending the National Anthem in Guzerati which is given in the second volume, and which seems to have caught much of the ease and spirit of the original. To many who have long heard of the munificence and public spirit of the Parsis, the smallness of their numbers will come as a surprise. In the whole of India there are not 100,000 Parsis. Of these about 82,000 belong to the Bombay Presidency, and not quite 50,000 of them to the city of Bombay. There are enterprising members of this community at Broach, Surat, and Calcutta, and about 10,000 reside in native States. The author justly ridicules the tradition of a Parsi colony at Khoten in Kashgar, as well as any affinity with the *Siah-posh* or black-coated Kafirs in Afghanistan.

Those who have neither time nor inclination for the learned researches of Professor M. Haug will find here sufficient information about the tenets of Zoroastrians. Mr. Desabhai Framji, as he wishes to be called and not Mr. Karaka, takes great pains to explain that his countrymen are not idolaters. The author of the *Arabian Nights*, whoever he was, invariably treats the Guebres or fire-worshippers as worshippers of idols, and on one or two occasions taxes them with offering up human victims to some god. We quite accept the author's disclaimer—fire is to his countrymen an object of reverence and not of worship. The religion of Zoroaster is pure monotheism. There is one God who requires at man's hands no image of himself, and who is the source of all light, goodness, happiness, and bounty. He is known as Ahura Mazda. There has also been some misapprehension about the good and the evil principles familiarly known as Ahriman and Ormuzd. Parsis recognize, indeed, two opposite principles; but these work under the Almighty and not in him. They are known as Spento Mainyush the creative spirit, and Angro Mainyush the decreasing or destructive spirit. There is no such thing as an opponent of Ahura Mazda or God. All the evil in the world is known as *drukshah*, "destruction or falsehood," and it is against this that the Supreme Being and all good men maintain an unceasing spiritual warfare. In addition to these principles,

\* *History of the Parsis; including their Manners, Customs, Religion, and Present Position.* By Do-abhai Framji Karaka, C.S.I., Presidency Magistrate and Chairman of Her Majesty's Bench of Justices, Bombay, late Member Bombay Legislative Council, late Chairman of the Municipal Corporation, and late Sheriff of Bombay. Author of "Travels in Great Britain," &c. With Coloured and other Illustrations. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.



there are six benefactors or *Ameshaspends* which may be taken to be either abstract ideas or guardian angels. The belief in a resurrection or a future state of rewards or punishment is a cardinal point in the Zoroastrian faith. A considerable portion of the original Zenda-Avesta was never brought away by the Parsi refugees, and is supposed to have been destroyed in Persia by the Mohammedan conquerors. At one time it consisted of twenty-one books, of which only one has come down entire—the Videvadada or Vendidad, number nineteen on the list. A good synopsis of its contents, as well as of the Khordeh-Avesta or book of prayer, of the Yasna or prayers at rites and ceremonies, and of the Visparad, or invocations to "all Lords," as well as of other supplementary minor compositions, is given in the fourth chapter of the second volume.

But the main object of the writer is to familiarize English readers with the habits of modern Parsis, and with their position, claims, and prospects. And here the reader will learn what benefits have been conferred on the public by a very small body of men. Some of the terms in familiar use bear a novel signification even to Anglo-Indian readers. A Dastur is not a "custom," but a "priest." A "Sudra" is not the fourth caste in Hindu society, but a "sacred shirt." Some few religious phrases are borrowed from Hinduism, others are clearly of Persian origin. The Parsis themselves are divided into two sects—the Shahanshais, or "imperial," and the Kadimis or "ancients." Like the members of the Scotch Established Kirk and Free Kirk and the United Presbyterians, they do not differ on cardinal points of faith or doctrine. They are at issue simply about a date. The Kadimis begin the new year on the 19th of August, and the Shahanshais on the 19th of September. The latter stick to the date which they brought with them from Persia. Of late years there has been occasionally as much bitterness between the two parties as if their very religion was at stake, while a learned Parsi has endeavoured to show that both are wrong. Additional confusion has been caused by the fact that as the Parsi year consists of 365 days, the refugees have omitted to insert the requisite intercalary month at the end of every one hundred and twenty years as is still done in Persia. We gather that the feud between these sects is now set at rest.

To most persons the Parsis are best known as natives who neither burn nor bury their dead, but give them to the fowls of the air. An admirable plan of a Dokhma, or Tower of Silence, is given at p. 200 of vol. i. Outwardly the building resembles a large circular gaswork. It is open at the top and the wall is of the hardest stone, faced with chunam or plaster. The corpse of a Parsi, by some curious custom of which the origin is unknown, is exposed to the view of a dog three or four times while a funeral sermon or oration is pronounced. A certain set of men termed *nasesalars*, or corpse-bearers, then convey the body to the Dokhma and place it on a circular platform inside, subdivided into rows of receptacles or what might be termed open and immovable coffins. The smallest or inner circle is allotted to children, the next to females, and the outward or largest circle to males. It is calculated that, in the space of one hour or so after a funeral, the flesh is stripped from the bones by the vultures. All impurities fall into a receptacle below, and after a certain time when the skeletons are thoroughly dried by the heat, they are thrown, rich and poor, old and young, into a common pit. In the rainy season the Tower inside and out is thoroughly cleansed by the rainfall, and means are taken to drain off the moisture and convey it to wells dug outside the Tower. That these precautions are excellent from a sanitary point of view, and that nothing offensive is perceived by any of the senses, may be admitted. But we can hardly go quite as far as Mr. Monier Williams, who is of opinion that decay by worms may be as revolting to Parsi notions as the swoop of vultures down on the bodies of loved relations and friends is to us. Whether cremation is destined to make any progress or not in England, it has little to fear from the rivalry of a Tower of Silence. It is satisfactory to know, however, that the gardens surrounding the Tower on Malabar Hill are beautifully laid out, and that nowhere in Bombay are the breezes so healthy or the view so magnificent. Malabar Hill, it must be recollected, runs out into the sea, and from it, as you look back, you get a splendid panorama of the whole town and island, the harbour, the fort or what remains of its walls, Colaba, and the higher ranges of Matheran in the distance.

Some photographs of Parsi gentlemen and ladies and of family groups are pleasing enough. With the exception of the tall square cap, the dress, which has been altered on Hindu models with some English additions, is decidedly becoming. Parsi ladies are compelled, by a very old custom, to conceal their hair under a thin white cloth or cap. Their complexions are fair, and they drive out in open carriages and even take walks in public of an evening. Altogether their position is far superior to the secluded Hindu Rani or the Mohammedan Begum; and we cannot deem it a fault in their character that the Parsi girl is very anxious "to obtain a good husband," or that a married woman may "possess jewelry worth from 500*l.* to 20,000*l.*" The Parsi matron attends carefully to her household duties, directs the work of the servants, plies the needle, pays visits to her friends, and may be seen amidst crowds of spectators when a new Viceroy lands on the Apollo Bunder or the Governor lays the foundation-stone of a college or hospital. Both sexes now take their meals together. The Parsis smoke neither tobacco nor opium, and drink wine only at dinner and in moderation. Their houses are spacious, elegantly and well furnished, and splendidly lit up at nights. Superstition still regulates

the proceedings after a birth. An astrologer, who may be a Hindu, is called in to cast the horoscope of the infant and to run over a list of names for selection. In the string of names given at p. 163 the Persian element still predominates: Rustum, Fardun or Faridun, Shapur, Jehangir, Kharshed or Khurshed, Behram, Firoz, and Ardeshir or Artaxerxes, keep up the old connexion with Iran and Fars. The Parsi community seem to have had decided notions about a kind of self-government. They adopted, with other Hindu customs, that of the Panchayat. But this body concerned itself with questions of caste, ceremonial, marriages, divorces, and the disobedience of individuals. Convicted culprits were beaten with shoes, and compelled to perform penance before an assembly of their countrymen, after the fashion of recusants before the Kirk Session in Scotland a century or two ago. We might regret that the Government of India did not see its way some forty years ago to invest the Parsi Panchayat with legislative authority to settle social disputes. But this has been remedied by the Acts passed in 1865, when Sir H. Maine was legal member of Lord Lawrence's Council, to regulate marriage, divorce, succession, and inheritance. This subject is worth attention at this time for another reason. It has been roundly asserted that natives have a singular capacity for managing their own affairs; that Lord Lawrence recognized and developed this talent; and that Lord Ripon's pretentious scheme for "self-government" is merely a natural consequence of that recognition. Lord Lawrence and his school had something very different in view. They fully admitted the competence of natives to manage their own guilds or castes, to apportion taxation amongst themselves in a bazaar, or collect the shares of revenue due from Puttidars in a village. But that school would have scouted any proposal to constitute natives makers of roads, visitors of hospitals, and guardians of sanitation.

It is in no spirit of vainglory that Mr. Dosabhai Framji sketches the careers of certain of his fellow-countrymen who have risen to eminence in the Western Presidency. His chapters on this topic are as attractive as anything in *Fortunes made in Business*, reviewed in this journal in May last. Foremost in the catalogue is Sir Jamshedji Jijibhai, the first native baronet, who was born in the Gaikwar's territory in 1783 and died, rich, respected, and honoured, in 1859. It will be new to many persons that this gentleman was on board an English merchant vessel when she was captured by the French man-of-war the *Belle-Poule* in 1806. He suffered no small hardships between June when he was taken prisoner, and December when he was landed somewhat forlorn in Calcutta. His statue by Marocchetti adorns the Town Hall of Bombay, and we should add that to Lady Jamshedji is due the splendid causeway which connects Bombay with Salsette, executed at a cost of some 15,000*l.* With good reason did the late Lord Elphinstone declare a statue to be the fitting expression of the gratitude of a community towards a man who had spent a quarter of a million in great public works. Sir Jamshedji left three sons, who inherited their father's spirit with his wealth. The title is now borne by the grandson, a member of the Bombay Legislative Council and a C.S.I. The families known by the title of Patel, Modi, Banaji, and Kama are scarcely less honoured. Kavasji (vulgarly spelt Cowasjee), Patel dug a large tank in the last century and gave his name to a street. The Readymoneys traded with China, and some of them fed thousands of starving people in the great famine of Guzerat. Their cognomen is really derived from two English words, and is not, as might be imagined, a distorted Oriental phrase. The members of the Wadia family have been known as shipbuilders for a century and a half, have launched such ships as the *Salsette* and the *Minden*, and recently have fitted out transports for the Abyssinian and other expeditions. Framji Kavasji distinguished himself by improvements in agriculture, and his model farm excited the admiration of Sir John Malcolm fifty years ago. His brother Rastamji with his two sons was well known as a leading merchant in Calcutta, and astonished the Bengalis by giving entertainments at which the ladies of the family did not hesitate to appear. Members of the Vikaji family became farmers of the land and sea customs, imported Berar cotton into Bombay, and administered large districts belonging to the Nizam of Hyderabad. Of late years Parsis have filled with credit appointments in the Legislative Council, and have been high sheriffs, justices of the peace, and Chairmen of the municipal corporation. Practically there is hardly a profession in which they have not been conspicuous. More of them are now seeking employment in the public service, and in past times they have, when necessary, shown they could fight. But their greatest successes have been achieved as contractors, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, and middlemen. They have on more than one occasion followed our armies to the field, and have sold their goods in camp at Aden and Kabul. Their generosity has known no distinction of race, sect, or creed. While they have built fire-temples and Dokhmas for their co-religionists, they have assisted the deserving of all classes, have contributed to patriotic objects in England and in France, and have compelled the Shah to do some justice to their countrymen in Persia. Jews and others have recently deprived the Parsis of some portion of their monopolies, but such enterprising men are never likely to be left behind in the race. For sound commercial morality, lofty public spirit, and devotion to the Government and the Empress of India, they are not equalled by any class of our fellow-subjects. Their position has been obtained by their own exertions. They have no need like one class numbering forty millions, to represent to the

Viceroy that they have been unfairly handicapped in the struggle for existence, or like another race far more numerous, to tax the independent Englishman with the maintenance of invidious privileges and distinctions. The ascendancy of the Parsis, described faithfully in these two volumes, is the just and legitimate ascendancy of a small community which, driven from its own land by fanaticism, and finding few friends or powerful patrons in India, has risen to the top by sheer force of character, honesty, and independence, and to a census of millions has not yet contributed one hundred thousand souls.

#### THE LOOKING-GLASS FOR THE MIND.\*

NOT many weeks ago, in a contemporary of established erudition, an artless correspondent made inquiry touching certain rare and curious works by Bewick in his possession—to wit, the *Looking-Glass for the Mind*, the *Blossoms of Morality*, and another. As these volumes are neither very rare nor particularly curious, and as full information respecting them is easily obtainable, the question was a little surprising. Upon those but moderately acquainted with Bewick it must, indeed, have produced something of the impatient astonishment which may be supposed to animate the editor of *Notes and Queries* when he receives his hundred and first application as to the origin of "Pouring Oil on Troubled Waters." Nevertheless, it was answered gravely, and even oracularly. Despite much inkshed on the subject, we may therefore assume that there is still a good deal of ignorance respecting these volumes and their illustrator. It is true that those humourists, the brokers of secondhand books, by such equivocal solicitations as "Cuts by Bewick," "Illustrated by the Bewicks," and the like, have done their best to confuse John Bewick's identity with that of his more gifted brother Thomas. And yet, properly described, John's works would probably turn out to be, in reality, the more familiar of the two. While, until very recently, all the best of Thomas Bewick's blocks were safely packed away in his daughter's house at Gateshead, those which, towards the close of the last century, John Bewick wrought so unweariedly for Newbery and others, multiplied by electrotypes, have been scattered in many places, and still continue to make ambiguous appearance on the title-pages of sale-catalogues. Mr. Charles Welsh's reprint of the *Looking-Glass for the Mind* may therefore fairly serve as a pretext for saying definitely who and what its illustrator was.

John Bewick was the younger brother of Thomas Bewick, the reputed restorer of wood-engraving in England. He was apprenticed to Thomas in 1777. After working with him for about five years, he came to London, finding almost immediate employment in the decoration of children's books. Hugo names some of these; the *Children's Miscellany*, *Rules for Behaviour at Table*, *History of a Schoolboy*, &c., little tales and treatises of the "moral and instructive" class, upon which the influence of the Johnsonian vocabulary was pretty legibly inscribed. His first effort of any importance was an edition of Gay's *Fables*, 1788, in which he reproduced his brother's designs for the earlier Newcastle edition. His next, which appeared in 1789, was the *Emblems of Mortality*, a free rendering of Lutzelburger's cuts after Holbein, with an introduction by Mr. John Sidney Hawkins. Then he seems to have fallen in with that didactic Dr. Trusler who "moralized" Hogarth for his widow. For Trusler he illustrated *Proverbs Exemplified*, 1790, and the *Progress of Man*, &c., 1791. Later came the *Looking-Glass for the Mind*, 1792, *Tales for Youth*, 1794, and the *Blossoms of Morality*, 1796. These are his chief works. Before the last was published he died of consumption, and was buried at Ovingham, where he was born. He did one large, and we think overrated, cut of the "Watercress Gatherer" for Bulmer's *Poems by Goldenlith and Parnell*, 1795; and he had in part prepared the sketches for an edition of Somerville's *Chase*, which the same publishers issued in the following year. But as Thomas Bewick completed these on the block and engraved the majority of them, it is difficult to determine John's exact part in the work. His best claim to remembrance consequently rests upon his designs for children's books.

In the history of wood-engraving John Bewick's place is far below his brother's. Still, to assume that he was simply set in motion by the success of his brother's productions would be unfair. He did not, indeed, like some of Thomas Bewick's pupils, rival him in mere technique; but in conception and expression he came nearer to him than any of them, Harvey not excepted. Though his bent was clearly to human nature rather than to natural history, he might, had he possessed the sober and sustained industry of his elder, have pressed him hard. As a matter of fact, he was fonder of pleasure, and far less patient in application. Moreover, he was miserably paid, generally overpressed, confined of necessity to a certain field, and seldom able, within that field, to nurse or mature his ideas. Many of his cuts are frank recollections of other works. The influence of Blake and Stothard as book illustrators is discernible, and not a few of his vignettes are hurried modifications of his brother's inventions. One of the most praised of his childish groups—three little fellows greeting their schoolmaster—is plainly imitated from Chodowiecki's *Gratulierende Kinder*, and careful comparison would

probably reveal further resemblances to that fertile artist. He copied details also from Hogarth and Holbein. With all this, however, many of his pictures of little people have a formal simplicity and an old-fashioned grace which is undeniably captivating. Some of the happiest of them are to be found in *The Looking-Glass for the Mind*; and though the children of to-day, accustomed to the intricacies of Jules Verne and the humours of Mr. Caldecott, will probably care little for *L'Ami des Enfants* in an English dress, the praiser of past times may well be grateful to Mr. Welsh for his pleasantly prefaced and tasteful reprint.

#### ILLUSTRATIONS OF MEDIEVAL THOUGHT.\*

WE have as yet in England but few diploma-books (using a loose but convenient phrase) to set against the abundant literature of the thesis and prize-essay kind which France and Germany furnish. Men say that it is our British way not to lend ourselves to this sort of thing, though there are some noteworthy exceptions unnecessary to specify. Mr., or, to give him his German degree, Dr. Reginald Lane Poole's *Illustrations of Medieval Thought* is a product of the Hibbert Trust, the author having apparently collected its materials during a studentship abroad, at the Trust's cost, and having published them under the same auspices. Mr. Lane Poole's book can perhaps hardly be classed with the most noteworthy of the exceptions above referred to. But it is a book of a kind for which there is ample room in English literature, and it deals with a subject which has recently been sadly neglected in England. In his inaugural lecture a few weeks ago, the Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge announced his intention of devoting himself especially to mediæval subjects. Mr. Creighton has an illustrious though too soon removed example before him in the sometime occupant of the corresponding chair at the sister University, Dr. Shirley, whose lectures the Dixie Professor (himself an Oxford man) is not likely to have forgotten. Dr. Shirley died too prematurely to do much work except in reference to a late and isolated branch of mediæval philosophy and theology, the ideas of Wyclif. Dean Mansel, an even more gifted though perhaps a less laborious and single-minded student, carried to the grave with him most of the results of the wide study which his exceptionally clear and piercing intellect had bestowed on mediæval thought. Mr. Maurice's dealings with the subjects were, by the admission of his warmest admirers, too vague and perhaps too ill informed to be of much use. The English student who "wants to know" something of what is vaguely called scholasticism without wandering in a wilderness of monographs may choose or, if he will, combine the engaging and admirable but not very detailed summary of Hauréau in French and the crabbed details of Prantl in German; but in his native language he can find little but the barest and by no means always the most accurate generalizations. Father Harper's remarkable *Metaphysics of the School*, which we lately reviewed, is didactic and deductive, not historical, and the field when Mr. Lane Poole chose his subject was perfectly clear for a reasoned history of English or of European scholasticism—that is to say, of mediæval thought—or of any division of it.

We pronounce no unkindly criticism on the present book if we say that this field is open still. Mr. Lane Poole has made some explorations in it which were no doubt profitable and agreeable to himself, and the account of which is fully worthy the attention of students. He has dealt with his subjects in a laboriously scholarly fashion, collating texts with apparently inexhaustible industry, and accumulating side-notes and footnotes, discussions of other people's opinions and excursions on particular points, in a way which may seem a little cumbersome even to those who most dislike the habit (common to many writers) of serenely proceeding with a current pen and disregarding all detailed information and especially all apparatus of notes. Of some persons and things, such as the early Protestantism of Claudius and Agobard, and the trials for heresy of Abelard and Gilbert de la Porrée, he has given accounts better supported perhaps by extract and detail, and therefore more trustworthy, than any previous accounts in English. He seems to have been very careful in reading up German monographs on his subjects—indeed this carefulness occasionally turns to a fault. His book cannot but do good to any student interested in mediæval philosophy, theology, and politics, and to all but the best instructed of such students it will probably give much new information, and will certainly furnish the starting-points of many new trails to be worked up with advantage. But it has, we think, two grave defects, the first of which is a combination of desultoriness and incompleteness in method; the second a deplorable pedantry of detail.

As evidence of the first charge we may notice the singularly execrable appearance of Mr. Poole's last two chapters, if not his last three. He correctly enough in his preface divides mediæval thought into two periods, which (though he does not say so) may be called roughly the age before Albertus Magnus and the age after him. It is the first, he says, with which he has to deal, and he rightly describes John of Salisbury as the youngest exponent of his own period. Yet to our surprise we find ourselves occupied in the last three chapters with Marsilius of Padua, with Occam, and even

\* *The Looking-Glass for the Mind*. A Reprint of the Edition of 1792, with the Original Illustrations by Bewick. With an Introduction by Charles Welsh. London: Griffiths, Farran, & Co. 1885.

\* *Illustrations of the History of Mediæval Thought in the departments of Theology and Ecclesiastical Politics*. By R. L. Poole. Published for the Hibbert Trustees. London: Williams & Norgate.



with Wyclif. Certainly all these men had a great deal to do with mediæval thought in relation to theology and ecclesiastical politics; but this does not help us in explaining the propriety of dealing with men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in a book whose range has by the author's definition been rigidly limited to the end of the twelfth at latest. The truth is that Mr. Poole seems to have been the victim of an attempt to split up mediæval thought after an impossible manner. You cannot in the case of the ambitious and indefatigable thinkers, whose names from Erigena to Occam make a line of light in dark places, specialize in this fashion. You cannot (and if it were worth while we could produce from Mr. Poole abundant evidence of the fact) deal with their theology and let their physics alone, attempt their politics and sternly exclude their metaphysics; handle their ecclesiastical theories and drop their logic. All these things are straitly bound together; and when we find Mr. Poole coyly refusing to descend into the whirlpool of the realist-nominalist-conceptualist polemic we are not surprised that his accounts of Erigena's *Théodicée*, of Gilbert's Physics, of Abelard's view of the relations of faith and reason, frequently present gaps and chasms not difficult perhaps for the student who knows to fill, but very hard, we should say, for the student who does not know.

This, however, it may be said, is a matter of personal opinion. That can hardly be said of what we have taken the liberty to call Mr. Poole's pedantry of expression. To our thinking pedantry is, except wilful and deliberate inaccuracy, the worst of literary vices; and Mr. Poole will hardly escape being cast for it before any competent judge. For "abbat" there is, of course, a fair amount of precedent and some orthographical argument, though it seems to us, we confess, a little childish. But what sort of a beast is a "zelot"? "Zelotes" we know, and "zealot" we know, but of "zelot" we can only say that it appears to be an equally unlovely and irrational mongrel between Greek and English. For "Abailard" Mr. Poole might plead authority of a certain kind if the English orthography had not been well settled. His reason for disregarding the settlement is curiously inept; "Abelard" is, forsooth, "suggestive of eighteenth-century sentimentalism." Let us suggest to Mr. Poole for his next edition the form "Esbailart," which is even further from the dreaded eighteenth century, and as a vernacular form has high guarantee. "Heloissa" is, we own frankly, contemptible to us. But where Mr. Poole shows his pedantry, and the weakness of argumentative faculty which always accompanies pedantry, most clearly is in a long and elaborate train of reasoning whereby he comes to the conclusion that the time-honoured title of "Erigena" "must be finally withdrawn from currency." Of this, *par parenthèse*, we may observe that Mr. Poole's "must" is a counting without several hosts. We, for instance, shall continue to utter and take it as lawful money, and that is something. Now the facts are (and they are acknowledged by Mr. Poole himself) that in the form in which we have Erigena's translation of the pseudo-Dionysius, he calls himself "Ierugena"; that "Erugena" appears as a variant early in the eleventh century; that it then becomes Eriugena and Erigena, and that since the sixteenth century "John Scotus Erigena" has been the philosopher's distinctive name. Further, Mr. Poole does not dispute the etymology "Erin-born," though he thinks there may have been a play on *ἑρπῆς*. Yet knowing all this, and knowing, as so diligent a student must know, the utter untrustworthiness of proper-name spelling in mediæval manuscripts, he wishes in the pure spirit of pedantry to upset the tradition of at least three hundred and fifty years, and calls John Scotus Erigena "John the Scot," or "John," or "the Scot." Whereby the sensible and sufficient intention of the current designation, which is to separate John Scotus Erigena from John Duns Scotus, is made of none effect. When (he does not do it often, Duns not being in his period) Mr. Poole has to mention the later Scotus, he calls him "John of Duns," apparently not to clash with his self-invented "John the Scot." Thus not only is a dubious hypothesis as to the origin of "Duns" assumed, but the very title by which the Scotists and their famous sect have made their master known to literature generally is effaced and made away with. Common sense, resting on prescription of many centuries, calls the two Scotus Erigena and Duns Scotus, and there is no risk of confusion; Mr. Poole comes with his "the Scot," and all is night. Of course "the Scot" must be the master of "the Scotists"; which is a very pretty muddle.

We have dwelt at what may seem to some persons disproportionate length on this matter of nomenclature, because we hardly know a worse curse of literature or one more fashionable than this peculiar form of *savantasserie*, and because, now that there seems some chance of a revival of English interest in mediæval thought, it is important to protest against the introduction into a new science of the pedantry which has made much recent history-writing ridiculous. The name of a person of any historical repute is the name by which in each country he has been generally known to literature. Beyond this canon there is no salvation; and if in the past the lust of novelty or the authority of persons of distinction has made any one violate it, let him repent and make atonement. For Mr. Poole, we have had to notice some faults in his book—faults which sometimes suggest the idea that he has rather been diligently working out notes on lectures which he may have heard or books that he may have read abroad than independently pursuing an independently planned course of study. But he has evidently acquired much valuable knowledge, he has a love for his period and subject, and we shall hope to see much further work from him on both. It is probable that the mere

lapse of time will teach him to avoid the display of the mint and cummin of erudition, and the dwelling on minute points of difference with this and that predecessor, which are the main faults of German scholarship, while grasp and method will come to him in proportion as he enlarges and covers his field of study.

## TWO NOVELS.\*

IN *Diana of the Crossways* Mr. George Meredith, not for the first time, has the authority of history for the main incidents in the career of his principal character. He fully appreciates the truth that fact is stranger than fiction, and the value of an impregnable base for his inventive campaigns. Such a career as that of his Diana might well bring down upon his head the charge of extravagance if he could not point to well-known facts in support of its most startling incidents. Diana's beauty and wit; her social, literary, and political power; her unfortunate early marriage; her dangerous intimacy with a distinguished statesman, and the consequent scandal; her betrayal of an important Cabinet secret; the failure of her husband's attempt to obtain a divorce—all these are facts, and quite sufficient to form the basis of a very "sensational" novel. It need scarcely be said that in Mr. Meredith's hands the materials are turned to greater advantage. The book is nevertheless full of striking situations, described with great power and animated by vivid dialogue; it has no lack of excitement or romance, and one of its most eminent qualities is the realistic force with which both scenes and characters are presented. Diana is the chief and most vital figure of all: "never did woman carry her head more grandly, more thrillingly make her presence felt"; but, as with her, so it is in a less degree with several others of the *dramatis personæ*: and, whether we accompany Redforth on his chivalrous embassy to the Crossways, or listen to Dacier's wooing, or Sir Lukin's self-reproaches, the world is alive about us. Nevertheless, although the author has not neglected the dramatic opportunities suggested by the career of a once celebrated Queen of Beauty, the problems, social, intellectual, psychological, which it starts, seem to have had the greater fascination for his genius. To construct a character which would fit the known facts; to create a woman dazzling by the brilliancy of her personality, and liable by the very force of the qualities which raised her above the crowd to commit indiscretions unpardonable by the world, was a congenial exercise to his inventive faculty, and the result is a singularly vivid conception, worked out with great literary power. It is to be doubted whether even a poet is a more difficult character for fiction than a witty woman of the world; and amongst all his intellectual and literary feats Mr. Meredith has perhaps never accomplished one more striking than in making us feel that his Diana justified her reputation. He has made her move and speak before us as a living woman, dowered with exceptional gifts of "blood and brains." Of the two brains "have it" decidedly. She is too much like Charles II. in the contrast between her sayings and doings. The latter are almost invariably foolish. Though not without precedent, she is none the less difficult to credit or to sympathize with in this particular. Her first folly, her marriage with a fool and a brute, is explained, but scarcely justified, by circumstances; the "queenly comrade," with "a spirit leaping and shining like a mountain water," should not have been at a loss for a nobler mate. To be "the crystal spring of wisdom" to a potent old Minister was more worthy of her, and palliates much indiscretion, but to take up with and fall fatally in love with his inelastic and commonplace prig of a nephew, even though he also were a politician of some mark, was almost as silly as her marriage. She was young and impulsive, and love is blind, and the rest of it, no doubt, and that might be an excuse for her in real life; but in fiction the heroine has no right to go so very near wrecking herself on a character for whom the reader has not an atom of regard or admiration. Allowing also as historic the fact that a lady sold her friend's political secret to the *Times*, it yet seems incredible that Diana should do so; and it is still more improbable that this woman, so full of knowledge of the political world, should plead that she "had not a suspicion of mischief" in doing so. But of the reality of her brains there is no doubt; she is intellectually the same woman throughout. If she cannot manage her conduct wisely, she can reason about it. Her reviews of her various situations of difficulty, her analysis of her own motives, her arguments for and against herself and the world, are at once clear and subtle, and stirring with vitality. Joyful or joyless, sweet or bitter, they are animated by the same rich intellect, the same noble and passionate soul. They are nearly always witty also; and, in saying this, we do not allude to those laboured "sayings" of hers with which the book is somewhat overcrowded. Some are excellent, as this:—"Oratory is always the more impressive for the spice of temper which renders it untrustworthy"; others are far too "difficult" to have any chance of success in conversation. Such a *mot* as the following would fall hopelessly flat:—"The talk fell upon our being creatures of habit and how far it was good. She said:—'It is there that we see ourselves crutched between love grown old and indifference ageing to love.'"

\* *Diana of the Crossways*. By George Meredith. London: Chapman & Hall. 1885.

*The Shadow of a Crime*. By Hall Caine. London: Chatto & Windus. 1885.

Here there is too much of Mr. George Meredith, and especially of that tendency of his to suppose that a thought is the more profound the more deeply it is buried in words. What he calls the "literary covering" of his ideas makes his books hard reading even to the hard-headed, and the swiftness and agility of his thought requires more intellectual exercise than most readers are able or willing to take. Those who take it will be rewarded not only mentally, but morally; they will experience that pleasant fatigue which follows unusual exertion, and reach that Christian condition which enables them to "suffer fools gladly" for a time.

It is not only in the studious simplicity of its style that Mr. Hall Caine's *The Shadow of a Crime* contrasts with *Diana of the Crossways*. Except that both are unusually good of their kind, there is no affinity between them. The fact that this is Mr. Hall Caine's first essay in fiction only serves to accentuate their dissimilarity. It is in the days following the Restoration that he lays his tale, when the old soldiers of the Parliamentary forces were for a while hunted down as traitors. It is not only as a traitor but as a murderer that Ralph Ray, a Cambrian yeoman, is hunted down, and he suffers not so much from political rancour as from private hatred. The author's intimate knowledge of Cumberland and Cumberland folk enables him to describe its hills and valleys, its villages and villagers, with a richness of local colour exceptional in fiction, and his familiarity with the strong dialect and pithy sayings of the country helps to give a strange and pleasant perfume to the book, as of peat. To say that we derive from it much the same quality of literary pleasure as from Mr. Blackmore's masterpiece is to pay it a great compliment, but not an undeserved one. In both we have strong and simple characters of the primitive-heroic type, and Ralph Ray is grander morally, if not physically, than the hero of *Lorna Doone*. On his father's dead body Ralph finds evidence that it was his father who committed a murder with which a poor half-witted tailor is credited by the neighbours. At the funeral the mare carrying the coffin in rough weather across the hills breaks away and is lost with her ghastly load. Ralph sees in the accident the curse of God, and after a long vain search for the mare, flies from the constables, who are after him on a charge of treason. Feeling that he is sure to be convicted, and knowing that the result will be that his property will be confiscated, and his paralysed mother will be turned out of house and home, he surrenders himself, determining "to stand mute" at his trial and die by the fearful punishment of "peine forte et dure"; but he escapes under the Act of Oblivion. His enemies now charge him with the murder which he thinks has been committed by his father, and apparently for the sake of the poor tailor, Simeon Staggs, who is also accused, he pleads not guilty, but is convicted. He is saved by a woman whom he loves but has resigned, thinking her in love with his brother. She nurses the real murderer when stricken by the plague, and in his last moments induces him to confess his crime. Such, in short, is the history of the mental agony and noble heroism of Ralph and Rhoda, the memory of which is scarcely effaced by a happy ending. It is a fine story finely told, full of racy humour, and rising to true and unaffected pathos. Some of the more tragic scenes—e.g. the night on which the body of Ralph's father is found and the tailor (Simeon Staggs) is driven from his cave on the mountain by the rain and the thunder—are remarkable for sustained strength of tragic power, never degenerating into melodrama. The lesser characters are also all well-drawn and distinct individualities, and the village of Wythburn, with its inn and the frequenters thereof, is singularly real.

#### SEVEN BOOKS ON DIVINITY.\*

THERE is more unity of design in Mr. Wilson's selections from Dr. Pusey's sermons than is commonly found in such volumes. From the vast number of his occasional sermons the editor has been able to present a connected series of twenty which exhibit the feelings and the faults of Christians, the warnings and consolations of the Gospel. Academic and controversial discourses have been for the most part omitted, and the consequence is that it is the man of religion rather than the professor of theology that is set before the reader. They are perhaps even better to read than to hear, for they are so closely packed with thought, learning, and precept that they must have been hard to follow, though the homeliness and simplicity of the style are admirably suited for exhortation and admonition. But it is the matter of these sermons rather than the style which will arrest attention. They are an exposition of the soul's relation to God which may seem to

\* Occasional Sermons selected from the published Sermons of the Rev. E. B. Pusey. With a Preface by the Rev. R. F. Wilson, Canon of Salisbury. London: Walter Smith (late Mozley).

*The Spirits in Prison, and other Studies of the Life after Death.* By E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Dean of Wells. London: W. Isbister, Limited.

*The Student's Commentary on the Holy Bible, founded on the Speaker's Commentary.* Abridged and edited by the Rev. J. M. Fuller, M.A. London: John Murray.

*Profound Problems in Theology and Philosophy.* By the Rev. George Jamieson, B.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

*A Short History of the Episcopal Church in the United States.* By the Rev. W. Benham, B.D., F.S.A. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

*A Historical Account of the Scottish and American Communion Offices.* By John Dowden, D.D. Edinburgh: Grant & Son.

*Moments on the Mount.* By the Rev. George Matheson, M.A., D.D. London: Nisbet & Co.

warrant the despairing exclamation "Who then can be saved?" It is impossible to read these sermons without deep thought and without admiration for the faithfulness and earnestness of a brave and good man.

It is a sign, if any such sign were needed, of the wide basis of the Church of England that such a book as *The Spirits in Prison* should be published, and by another dignitary of the Church, in the same year as the volume just noticed. Written with scarcely inferior learning though in a somewhat different direction, and certainly with no less reverence, it seems to traverse, if not logically, yet in spirit, some of the most important positions of the late Professor of Hebrew. It marks the progress of thought and feeling during the past generation on the most interesting subject to men that man can imagine—what is technically called eschatology—and it is a history of that progress. Dean Plumptre has appropriately dedicated his book to the memory of F. D. Maurice. It is a review of the history of opinion, of the statements of Scripture, and of the questions which arise, when the possibility of post-mortem repentance is once admitted. General readers will probably be attracted not so much by the historical portions, interesting as they are to the student, as by the old questions which are ever new—of the conditions of immortality, of an intermediate state, of the prospect of memory, of recognition of friends, of knowledge in another world of what is going on in this. It is easier to formulate such questions than their answers, and the wiser course about them is here pursued—namely, to avoid negations, though the writer's spirit is so far from being negative that his pages are bright with hope.

Of publishing Commentaries on the Gospels there seems to be no end, but very few that have come under our notice have so fully justified their existence or earned the gratitude of students of the New Testament as Mr. Fuller's abridgment of the *Speaker's Commentary*. He has done a disinterested and unambitious piece of work with learning and discretion. The source from which it is derived precludes the necessity of a lengthened review; but he deserves that attention should be called to the manner in which he has performed a task that might easily have been bungled by an editor without a just appreciation of the relative importance of the elements of the larger work. We are almost inclined to call him a model annotator. It is impossible to tell what his views are; he remembers that notes are notes and not exhortations; he gives just enough of them and no more; the information they convey is intended for a reader who knows something, and he remembers that there is such a book as *The Dictionary of the Bible*. Students of the Gospels and the Acts will find a good deal in a small compass in this useful volume, which has the advantage of the authority of great names in theology in its excursus and notes, and the further merit of exceedingly dexterous compression.

Mr. Jamieson has so far justified his somewhat ambitious title as to have written a book which seems to embrace in its comprehensive grasp all the relations of spirit to matter. It is impossible to devote to it, in this review, the space which such an attempt demands, supported as it is by real learning and an unusual power of dealing with abstractions; it must suffice to give a short sketch of his aim and process. Starting with the motive of promoting the ultimate and intimate union of all the churches, he says the basis of union must be law, and his volume is an attempt to find the clue which shall trace out the method of universal function in the operations of nature, both physical and mental. He is right, of course, in thinking that a sound philosophy, both of physics and metaphysics, alone can fulfil this end; and, however necessary it may be to his argument, it may stagger some purely theological readers to find him beginning *ab initio* with substance, the primary foundation of the two sub-departments of matter and mind. With Ether for a universal medium, and spirit for the one primordial substance, he introduces the reader into "the primitive categories of beinghood." The inherent attribute of spirit is potentiality, and from the objective department of this energy has come into being matter, and from the subjective, mind. Creation is a construction of causalities, and evolution is the operation of causalities already constructed, a definition which would satisfy evolutionists who admit creation at all. The ground is thus clear for men to come on the stage, and for an elucidation of the Divine relations on the philosophical principles which are the author's postulates. As sinless man is an unknown quantity, these relations have arisen, for the greater part, out of man's sin; and most of these pages are devoted to the design and execution of the work of the Incarnation and of the Atonement, to the various theories of the great sacrifice, to the human inferences drawn from it, and to the great philosophical questions to which such words as personality, immortality, sacrifice, and spirit directly and inevitably lead. The reader will find Mr. Jamieson walking with no uncertain steps in the dark region where philosophy and theology converge, and familiar with the literature of the subject; and even on the most hopeless ground for the untrained intellect, the region of the higher physics, the author vindicates his claim to attention. It would be hardly fair to the average theological student to recommend him to read this book; he would not only have to go through a course of reading before he came to it, but ought to start with a brain that can grasp abstractions; there are many, however, who have read and can think about such topics, and they will find something to interest them in the freshness and force with which they are handled.

Mr. Benham has chosen a good time for collecting and publishing his papers on the Episcopal Church in America. The



recent observance of the centenary of the consecration of Bishop Seabury has given prominence to the most interesting period of its history—namely, its foundation and early struggles; and the writer's account of these is the best part of his volume. Its origin is linked with famous names. Martin Frobisher landed on the shores of America in 1576, and "Master Wolfall" was appointed minister of the town called after its founder, Frobisher. On the 14th of May 1607 Robert Hunt and his shipmates settled on a peninsula on the northern bank of the James River, and one of the party was Captain John Smith, who had already made himself a name in two continents, and was the hero of the romantic adventure with Pocahontas; and Raleigh left roof to the cause of missions in Virginia. Churches built of logs and clerical incomes paid in tobacco are suggestive of the difficulties of an infant establishment, and the Revolution and the war between North and South were trials of a severer kind to the charity and unity of both clergy and people. As the Church became more settled, its records naturally became more official and less picturesque; but they yield at least one point of historical interest when the likeness between the Scotch and American liturgies is remembered. Mr. Benham's very readable sketch will be welcome to those who take an interest in the germ state of a sister-Church, and it will enable them to realize the vigorous existence and self-consciousness of its present stage of development.

Dr. Dowden's learned history and comparison of the Communion offices of the Scotch and American Churches is another assertion of the sympathy which unites them, which the Scotchman, like the Americans, implicitly ascribes to the consecration of Bishop Seabury, though his book is the result of too long study to have been suggested by any such temporary cause as the centenary of the Bishop's consecration. The Scotch Communion office has the distinction of not being based on any single model, least of all on that of Rome, but is derived from many sources, eastern and western, ancient, mediæval, and modern. Yet it is no mere patchwork service, but an organic growth, the supply of a felt want, receiving impressions from its surroundings, and in time adapting itself to them. A comparison of it with the English form justifies Dr. Dowden's claim that the differences are grave and important, and it is exactly in those parts which are most grave and important—those, that is, which express the philosophical conception of the rite—that the difference between the two British forms is most clearly seen, and the likeness between the Scotch and the Transatlantic Church is the most evident. The American form is like the English in structure and more like the Scotch in intention; the Scotch differs from the English in both. The vital difference, as is well known, consists in the oblation of the elements, and in the prayer of invocation which follows it. Scotch Churchmen, as is natural, are devotedly attached to their Rite, not alone because it is national; and their shame and indignation at the dishonour put upon it by the Synod of 1863 is in proportion to their love and zeal for its observance. By decree of that Synod it was excluded from every stately and dignified function of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. Liturgiologists will find in Dr. Dowden's book all the information they want about the history of the two Liturgies, the text of the earlier office, a reprint in facsimile of the editions of 1764 and of 1837, and of the American Communion office, a reprint of the Nonjurors' office in 1718, and many other technical and bibliographical details in the numerous and learned appendices.

Under the rather fanciful title of *Moments on the Mount* Dr. Matheson has published one hundred and eight little sermons, averaging two and a half pages each. It would be unfair to say that their brevity is their chief merit; but it is a great merit, less recognized by writers than by hearers and readers of sermons. The shortness of these little discourses tempts the reader to try one, and there is something in most of them which encourages another attempt. Their aim is not ambitious, and they fulfil it; they are well suited for family reading, and will suggest sermons to many young preachers. They do not pretend to be exhaustive or philosophical; but they look at the various practical and spiritual applications of their several texts, and generally manage to extract some homely and useful inferences. Dr. Matheson, like many other preachers, seems to think that archaisms of language are suitable to the pulpit, and so he says "thee" and "thou"; but this is a great mistake; it makes that conventional, and therefore unreal, which ought to be the most practical and real. This, and a tendency to figurative language, which obscures instead of illustrating the sense to the poor and ignorant, are the only blemishes in a useful little book.

#### THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UNITED STATES.\*

WE all know Mr. Du Maurier's amusing picture of an enthusiastic bibliophile trying to get a volume of a modern *édition de luxe* into a position which would allow of its being read. A person wishing to master this most exhaustive and interesting history of the American Indians will, however, have to practise even more complicated gymnastic exercises, and learn to contort his figure into still more impossible attitudes, before he can hope to sit down in tolerable ease and comfort to attack what Mr. Drake, with a clumsy and cruel irony, calls the "two portable

volumes" into which he has condensed the six bulky tomes of Mr. Schoolcraft. Each of these two volumes, which are thus referred to as convenient *vade-mecums*, measures about twelve and a half inches in length, ten inches in width, and two inches in depth. The weight of one volume is above eight pounds.

But, if this work is physically heavy, it is anything but ponderous in construction or in style. The subject is a large one, and cannot be properly treated in a few pages. But we wish for the author's own sake and for the sake of the good cause he so chivalrously advocates that the publisher had seen his way to print Mr. Drake's judicious abridgment in six or eight volumes of decent size, instead of enshrouding it in two almost unassailable fortifications of portentous and terrifying dimensions.

To give even a short *précis* of each chapter of this book, or even of each great subject treated, would be quite impossible within the limits of a review. The long account of the habits, appearance, religion, and history of each of the numerous tribes is not too long for a person interested in the fortunes and the destinies of a race whose weird, fantastic, but melancholy history has been for three centuries the theme of poetry and romance. The history of the wars of the Indians among themselves is as sad and sickening as the history of the wars of the cruel and treacherous kingdoms and republics of Italy during the middle ages. The story of their conflicts with the white men, if more interesting, is no less painful. The principal battles in which the Red Men have confronted their spoilers are described in these volumes with equal lucidity and graphic power. We see Braddock's disgraceful rout, his bull-dog fighting, and his happy release by death from an unending shame, brought before us as vividly as in the pages of *The Virginians*. When the author tells us of the wicked machinations and fiendish cruelties of the American Tories or Loyalists in the years 1781 and 1782, we smile with a grim hope and more than half conviction that his charge is made somewhat at random, and that it may be a mere patriotic set-off against the accusations of hideous barbarity which the author's candour compels him to bring against United States officers in the past, and, alas! in the present generations. General Ord, the Commandant of the Arizona district in 1879, in his report to Government, writes:—

I have encouraged the troops to capture and root out the Apaches by every means in our power, and to hunt them as they would wild beasts, which they have done with unrelenting vigour. Since my last report over two hundred have been killed, generally by parties who have trailed them for days and weeks into mountain recesses over snows, among gorges and precipices, lying in wait for them day by day and following them by night. Many villages have been burned, clothing and provisions have been destroyed, a large number of horses and mules captured, and two men, twenty-eight women, and thirty-four children taken prisoners. The Apaches have few friends. There seems to be no settled policy, but a general desire to kill them wherever found.

Is metempsychosis a myth? May not General Ord in a previous state of existence have been one of Cromwell's captains at Drogheda?

Later still, within the present decade of this century, in what the author calls "the unjustifiable and impolitic war of 1876," we are told how the Indians were slaughtered by wholesale, how

a village whose population consisted of twelve hundred souls, three hundred of whom were warriors, was burned; how eighty thousand pounds of buffalo meat, their winter store, and twelve thousand robes, and all their property, were burned also; and that those that escaped were utterly destitute, and that the weather was intensely cold.

No wonder that the Indians should be "very suspicious of the arts (sic) of the white men." In the "good old colony days" British soldiers and civilians dealt at times, no doubt, a scant measure of justice or mercy to the Indian tribes; but we cherish with pride the memory of Sir William Johnson and other wise and benevolent protectors of the Red Men. And in these modern days we have little or nothing to reproach ourselves with in our intercourse with our neighbours the aborigines of our American Dominion. It is not in the spirit of the self-satisfied Pharisee that we make this observation. We have indeed no cause to boast. We are quite willing to admit that, from various causes and circumstances which it would be unprofitable to discuss, the temptation of the United States authorities to connive at or to stimulate the sin of "earth grabbing" may be greater and more difficult to resist than our own. It is as an encouragement to the philanthropists who, to use our author's words, are doing so much "to right wrong and to secure justice in the future," that we ask them to look at what we have been permitted to do on our side of the frontier.

"The policy of removal," says Mr. Schoolcraft, "has at all times resulted disastrously to the Indians. The effect has been to perpetuate barbarism, and it has also been a fruitful source of corruption." The whole story of this removal scheme is a "sickening recital of a cruel wrong." But we are assured that

the popular conscience has at length been awakened, and strenuous efforts are being made to rehabilitate the Indian to whom civilization has thus far been a curse rather than a blessing. Already this has been in some instances successfully accomplished, and the old theory of its impracticability completely disproved. With its full accomplishment one great source of national peril and humiliation will for ever have disappeared.

Mr. Drake is of opinion that, in spite of bitter persecution and exterminating wars, the Indian population of the United States has not sensibly decreased.

There are many picturesque passages in these volumes which we must leave to our readers to discover for themselves. Englishmen of this generation, to whom Sir Richard Greenville or Grenville is best known by the Laureate's noble portrait of that redoubted seaman, will read with pain and shame how the man

\* *The Indian Tribes of the United States*. Edited by Francis S. Drake. 2 vols. London: Lippincott & Co.

who so loathed the "devildoms of Spain" was guilty of not a few acts of almost demoniacal cruelty and treachery to the Red Men of Virginia.

Very graphically told is the campaign of 1791 against a formidable army of Indians, when the intrepid but infirm American General St. Clair had to be carried into action on a litter. Wayne's victory at Maumee is also admirably described. The story of our gallant ally, Tecumseh, who was defeated and killed while fighting side by side in 1812 with our General Proctor, is interesting in itself, and it is told with a terseness and brevity which in themselves are eloquent. We are rather exercised in our minds to decide whether these volumes, once fixed in focus, should be the prologue to a perusal of Fenimore Cooper's Indian novels, or whether *The Spy* and *The Last of the Mohicans* should be a prelude to Messrs. Schoolcraft and Drake's delightful history. As to the youth to whom "Leatherstocking" is as yet only a name, we take this opportunity of assuring them that their fathers were not altogether wrong in thinking that, with all their many faults, Cooper's tales of American Indians are delightful reading. In our opinion, they must also be ever useful as a running commentary on the gravest and most serious works which treat of the same absorbing and fascinating theme. We hardly know whether in Mr. Schoolcraft's laborious pictures, or in the novelist's bright sketches, so full of air and sun, we have the truest and most poetical portrait of the serene red-skinned philosopher to whom

Time comes unsighed for, unregretted flies;  
Pleased that he lives, and happy that he dies.

The pictorial illustrations to these volumes are of rare excellence.

#### ITALY.\*

ALTHOUGH no truthful record of the events that led to the freedom and union of Italy can be wholly devoid of interest, Mr. Probyn has managed to write a book on Italian history between 1815 and 1878 which is, perhaps, considering its subject, as uninteresting as possible. This is, partly at least, the result of the difficulty he has evidently found in expressing himself in his mother-tongue. We have never seen in any work of real value so many ugly and incoherent sentences as he has put together in the volume before us, and this alone is enough to account for the weariness we have felt in reading it. Only one or two instances can be given here in support of this heavy indictment, though almost every page would afford us the means of proving that we have not guessed without cause. Of Francis IV. of Modena we are told:—"He had at an earlier period done all he could to secure for himself and his wife the crown of Piedmont, as the successor to Charles Felix, thereby excluding Charles Albert from the throne, who was the chief of the younger branch of the House of Savoy, which properly became the reigning branch upon the death of Charles Felix" (p. 47). Now we have reason to know from other passages that Mr. Probyn's aim in this sentence was to show that Francis tried to secure the succession to the throne in right of his wife, the eldest daughter of Victor Emmanuel, and that he failed in this scheme for excluding Charles Albert, who succeeded in virtue of the Salic Law. Acting on a belief, unhappily not peculiar to himself, that a lively and picturesque style is to be attained by the easy method of arranging words in an unnatural order, Mr. Probyn never loses an opportunity of practising this wearisome trick. Great is the joy or great is the sorrow after each success or defeat. Once, at least, he falls into a pit he has thus dugged for himself; for on p. 153 he says that, on the news of the departure of the Grand Duke, "great was both the astonishment and indignation of the Tuscans." Save, however, for this trick of inversion, it would seem that he thinks that a sentence consists of a mere collection of words; for, when he wishes to describe the feelings of the King and his Ministers on agreeing to the Convention of September 1864, he says:—"Both Victor Emmanuel and his advisers did so with regret, as it involved the transfer of the capital, the King being greatly attached to Turin as the place of his birth; he also like all Italians recognized how much Piedmont had endured," &c. (p. 309). Constant recourse is had to those refuges of the timid and helpless, "the former" and "the latter," and relative sentences follow and play hide-and-seek with one another in a bewildering fashion. There are, however, other causes of dreariness in this book besides its lame and halting English. Mr. Probyn is utterly unable to tell a story. Conscious, it may be, of this defect, he seldom attempts to do so. Even the fate of the brothers Bandiera is passed by with a somewhat obscure reference to the cause of their execution. Austrian tyranny is, of course, often mentioned. One or two striking instances would have been far more to the purpose than mere general statements concerning the oppressive rule of the foreigner in Italy. As Mr. Probyn tells us that he has spent the greater part of several years in Italy and among Italians, he must have heard a few stories of military insolence and of cruel and degrading punishments, especially if he has ever stayed at Milan and talked with people who can remember what happened there in 1849. He refers to the sufferings endured in Austrian prisons, and sends his readers for information to the "*Le mie Prigioni*" of Silvio Pellico. We have no fault to find with him for advising them to read Pellico's narrative for themselves, but he should have made some use of it in his own book. Perhaps,

however, it is as well that he has not often ventured to try his hand at describing any moving incident, for he scarcely recognizes the line between the sublime and the ridiculous. In his account of the entry of Garibaldi into Naples he says:—

At eight that evening it was at length announced that, worn out with fatigue and emotion, he had retired to rest. A sudden quiet fell upon the vast crowds, and repeating to one another "Our father sleeps," they dispersed to their homes, their right hands raised above their heads, with the first finger alone extended, a sign expressive of the cry reiterated again and again that day, *Italia una*.—"Italy one" (p. 277).

This is very likely a literal translation from an Italian newspaper. Whether it be so or not, it is a singularly unfortunate attempt at giving English-speaking people an idea of a scene that was not without beauty and dignity.

As far as the matter of Mr. Probyn's book is concerned we have little cause of complaint. Written in a fair and moderate tone, it presents a trustworthy view both of the abortive efforts made by the Italians to gain constitutional liberty, and of the progress of the national cause from its defeat under Charles Albert to its triumph under Victor Emmanuel; while the two last chapters contain some account of the history of the free and united kingdom, expressed, indeed, so briefly and in such general terms as barely to warrant the claim of bringing the work down to 1878, though the sketch forms an excellent conclusion to the record of the struggles that gave birth to the kingdom and established the seat of government in its natural capital. A striking contrast is exhibited between the Austrian promises in 1813, when the people of Italy were to be excited against the French, and the avowal of the Emperor Francis in 1816 that there could be no question of a Constitution or of independence for Lombardy and Venetia. The military despotism of Austria affected Italy at large, for it set an example to the Governments of other States and upheld them in imitating and surpassing the evils of her rule. When in 1821 the Neapolitans forced Ferdinand to grant them a Constitution, her troops were at hand to carry out the policy of the Conference of the Allied Sovereigns at Laybach, and enabled the King to break his oath with impunity and avenge himself on those whose demands he had sworn to grant. So, too, Charles Felix, strong in the support of the Austrians, blasted the hopes of Piedmont by an imperious message addressed to the Regent, Charles Albert of Carignano. It was the same in 1831, when the revolutionary movements in Modena, Parma, and the Papal States were quelled by Austrian troops. Every attempt to gain constitutional government, or to upset the arrangements of 1815, which parted Italy among petty tyrants, was looked on as a menace to the secure possession of the Lombardo-Venetian province. Other causes, however, helped to ensure the failure of these early struggles, for the Italians entered on them without leaders, without union, and without even a common aim. A good illustration of the hopeless character of these movements is afforded by the conspiracy formed by Ciro Menotti with Francis of Modena. A clear account is given of this mysterious affair, in which one of the leaders of the Liberal party lent himself to forward the Duke's schemes of self-aggrandizement, and was sacrificed by his fellow-conspirator to save his credit with Austria. With the character of Mazzini, who began his career as a conspirator about the same time, Mr. Probyn does not appear to us to deal satisfactorily. That Mazzini believed that the regeneration of Italy was to be brought about by a Republic rather than by a King is a small matter. The charges that really concern his character are that he was utterly unscrupulous as to the means he took to bring men over to his cause, that he did not shrink from seducing the soldiers of Piedmont from the service of their King, and that he was narrow-minded enough to allow his one idea of the virtue of Republicanism to hinder the advance of his country towards the attainment of freedom. We have little fault to find with Mr. Probyn's treatment of Garibaldi, though no one who writes with so little vigour can do justice to the General's career. The insurrection of Vienna in 1848 is rightly noted as affording the opportunity for a conflict to which the Italians had long been looking forward. In the events that followed, the first step was taken towards national unity, for the course by which it was to be won was made clear. The hopes of those who, like Gioberti, believed that Italy might be regenerated through the Papacy were now seen to be built on sand. The chaff was separated from the wheat. Leo IX. and Leopold of Tuscany were weighed in the balances and were found wanting. The incapacity of the Republicans for carrying out the work of union was made clear. At the same time, the noble part played by Charles Albert wiped out the remembrance of past errors, and the House of Savoy under Victor Emmanuel was seen to be the true foundation for Italian union. A good account is given of the difficulties that encompassed the new King, and of the progress made during the early part of the reign. The connexion between the domestic policy of Cavour and the progress of the national cause is another point that is well brought out. Cavour clearly recognized the necessity of gaining the goodwill of other nations, and his financial reforms, his commercial treaties, and his ecclesiastical legislation proved that when the King of Sardinia became King of Italy his government would be in accordance with the spirit of the age. He saw, however, that Italy needed something more than the goodwill of her neighbours. At least as early as 1832, when French troops were sent to occupy Ancona, it was evident that France regarded the Austrian power in Italy with jealousy. The policy which secured Sardinia a place in the States-system of Europe and proved the value of her alliance by the part she took in the Crimean war

\* *Italy, 1815-1878*. By J. W. Probyn. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.



is carefully marked. Cavour reaped the first-fruits of the reward he hoped for at the Congress of Paris in the treatment of the affairs of Italy as a European question. Close on this hopeful sign followed the alliance with France against Austria and the acquisition of Lombardy by the war of 1859. Neither the desertion of the Italian cause at Villafranca nor the annexation of Savoy and Nice receives the full measure of reprobation we expected. The cause of Italian freedom was not lost by French desertion. Mr. Probyn describes accurately, though with some want of spirit, the steadfastness of Central Italy, the splendid achievements of Garibaldi, and the acquisition of Rome as the capital of the new kingdom. He has given us such an honest statement of the progress and completion of the greatest change made in the history of Europe in our own day, that it is a pity that he has not written a more readable book.

## RECENT VERSE.\*

ONE of these nine volumes of verse, English and American, prefers no claim to originality. The chief merits of *Songs and Rhymes for the Little Ones* are number and variety. Authors, from Lord Tennyson to the poet of the *Indianapolis Sentinel*, are represented with an impartiality worthy of a free country, and, it may be said generally, that none can be too old or too young, too wise or too silly, to find something to please him in this volume. The most novel and striking of its contents is the last, a curious story called "The Factor," which, after being handed down by word of mouth for five generations, is here printed (we presume) for the first time. Its versification (if it ever had any worthy of the name) has now reached a state of most dilapidated doggerel, but the tale is well preserved, and is worth preserving if only for the record of a grim and grateful ghost who saves the life of his benefactor. He does it indeed on a terrible condition, but this is only his fun. When the time comes for the penalty to be exacted, he waives his right like a true gentleman, and retires with a well-earned chuckle to his grave.

Of the eight volumes which remain, two come from across the Atlantic, and of these at once the worse and the more original is that of Mr. George Macdonald Major, who is not likely to be charged with plagiarism or to be the cause of plagiarism in others. He has nevertheless many qualities wanting in many poets of the day. He sings of modern themes and in his own voice, expressing himself and his opinions in verse which is all his own. Who, for instance, could or would challenge the authorship of "The Peril of the Republic," in which many a bold line tells of the rise of the great nation and the dangers which threaten its fall? The period covered by this poem stretches from the time when

Th' astonished Earth beheld thee with amaze  
Spring like Medusa (sic) forth in finished state,  
to the present, when

Even now suspicion points each public trust,  
Their stewards form the scandal of the hour;  
The national parties, filled with greedy lust,  
Are anxious only for the spoils of power.

In these quotations we see what is a constant source of disappointment throughout the volume—some thought or turn completely fresh, like the simile of Medusa, rapidly succeeded by mere commonplace. Here is another instance. What can be more novel than the way he commences his ode to Maia?

Thine altars are o'erthrown, celestial Maia!  
Thy priestesses are dead or fled away; ah!

Surely this is new and daring. We ransack our memories in vain to find anything like it in Shakespeare or Milton, in Shelley or Keats, and yet immediately afterwards we fall flat on such lines as these:—

In this commercial time  
There are few hearts for sentiments sublime.

In short, except for an occasional gleam of sunshine such as those we have noted, Mr. Major's muse is not a cheerful companion. In the whole book we have only found one poem which we should like to quote entire. Mr. Major is a teetotaler as well as a patriot and a classical scholar, and a wedding-breakfast was the occasion of this inspiration. When asked to "pledge her [the bride's] joy with wine," it seemed to him "little short of sin" to decline, because she was so fair. But he did so, and was rewarded by a vision "as of some prophecy":—

I saw him who had plighted troth  
To love her and protect,  
Become the wine-cup's hopeless slave,  
And sink into a shameful grave,  
In soul and body wrecked.

\* *Songs and Rhymes for the Little Ones*. Compiled by Mary J. Robinson. New York: Putnam.

*The Peril of the Republic; and other Poems*. By George Macdonald Major. New York: Putnam.

*Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic*. By Evelyn Douglas. London: Trübner & Co.

*Pictures in Song*. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Putnam.

*The Voyage of Arundel, and other Rhymes from Cornwall*. By Henry Sewall Stokes. New Edition, with additions. London: Longmans.

*Midus*. By the late William Forster. London: Kegan Paul.

*Glimpses "beyond the Veil"*. By Laura A. Whitworth. London: Beer.

*The Log o' the "Norseman"*. By J. W. Gilbert-Smith. London: Kegan Paul.

*A Heart's Life; Sarpedon; and other Poems*. By Ella Sharpe Youngs. London: Kegan Paul.

I saw the venom of the curse  
Work further wretchedness;  
Forth from her aqualid, joyless home  
I saw her ill-taught children roam  
To lives of worse disgrace.

And ere the fleeting vision closed  
I saw her lost to shame,  
A drunken outcast in the street,  
And shunned by all who round her meet  
This night to pledge her name.

We fear that Mr. Major did not finish this genial stave in time to recite it at the wedding-breakfast, where it could scarcely have failed to produce a profound impression; let us hope he sent it after the happy couple as an Epithalamium.

The English muse of Mr. (or perhaps we should rather say Master) Douglas is neither so temperate nor so chaste as that of Mr. Major. From his preface we are glad to hear that he is very young; that all of the verses are immature, and some juvenile. Without this assurance we should have thought he was eighteen at least; for his verses are decidedly virile, if not particularly manly; and, to do him justice, he has arrived at a facility, and even a skill, in versification which is seldom attained before leaving school. On the whole, we regard the book as a shocking instance of carelessness on the part of his parents or the governors. Much as we admire Mr. Swinburne's genius, his warmer poems should, we think, be cut out of volumes intended for the nursery or the schoolroom; and Master Douglas has been allowed to indulge in dreams which are, to say the least of it, unbecoming in one so young. It is not pleasant to think of a little boy musing, over his mug of weak tea and slice of thick bread-and-butter, of maidens

With heavy wet tresses, and heavy rings under the eyes,  
or pitying Christians because they cannot enter "The Golden City" where

Gorgeous Plato's spirit  
Hangs brooding like a dove,  
And all men born inherit  
Love free as God's above;  
There each one is to other  
A sister or a brother,  
A father or a mother,  
A lover or a love.

And the maids amid the shadows  
At eve come forth to play,  
And along the moonlight meadows  
The manly lovers stray;  
And the woodland chirps and hisses  
With the laughter and the kisses,  
And their fiery long-drawn blisses  
Scarce spare the blush of day.

Nor even if Master Douglas were old enough to understand what he writes about would it be healthy or manly to write such feverish nonsense as forms the bulk of this volume. Here is a stanza from a poem to a very wicked young woman whom he, in his childish innocence, calls "Euthanasia":—

Euthanasia, pale and tall,  
Splendid, passionate, musical,  
Fiercest lover of them all  
And hater;  
Thou and I be kindred souls,  
From Hell's furnace two hot coals,  
But fairer than Heaven's common shoals,  
Fairer and greater,  
Euthanasia.

After all, perhaps it is a good thing that Master Douglas has suffered from eroticism in his childhood; for there may be a better chance of his outgrowing it. It is not the folly and extravagance of simulated passion that does the most harm to a writer, but its insincerity. If Master Douglas can only get rid of that, he may do good poetical work when he grows up; for he has not only much metrical skill, but something that may develop into imagination. The last poem in the book is a sonnet, and not a bad one. In this Master Douglas asks what he is. We hope that he will soon find out that he is not quite such a vicious little boy as he wishes us to think.

It is with relief we cross the Atlantic again, and pass from visions of "Valleys of Devils" and super-sensuous "Arabesques" to the purer air and simpler scenery of Mr. Scollard's *Pictures in Song*. It is difficult to tell whether Mr. Locker, Mr. Austin Dobson, or Mr. Swinburne has had most influence in the poetical education of Mr. Scollard; but, on the whole, we think Mr. Dobson is paramount. Without the latter's example it is tolerably certain at least that Mr. Scollard would not have expended (we had almost said wasted) so much time upon those French forms which are so difficult to adapt to English words. Mr. Scollard has gone through nearly the whole course of them, from Rondeau to Pantoum, including such difficult ones as the Sextine and the Chant Royal, and has acquitted himself with something more than credit. Of his Ballades all are fairly good, and one of them is almost as freshly turned as those of Mr. Andrew Lang. This "Ballade for a Wedding" is as pretty an offering as one could wish to lay at the feet of a newly-married couple, and perhaps it is in such occasional and complimentary verses that the true use (in English) of these strange forms may be found. They give an opportunity for turning into choice verse pretty speeches and tender fancies which in prose might look affected or insincere. Much, if not most, of Mr. Scollard's other verse is more or less an echo of what we have heard sung before, but it is an encouraging symptom for the future that he is best when he is most himself and most American. His classicism is not very genuine,

and the use of Apollo and Selene instead of sun and moon in describing simple modern American scenery has an affected air. We may also warn him that Ixion is not a dactyl, and that *Adonais* is a bad rhyme to "maze." But to prove that Mr. Scollard is quite capable of giving pleasure, we quote the following dainty verses:—

## A KERCHIEF.

A filmy fabric, it is true,  
As soft as down and bright as amber,  
Brocaded with gay threads as blue  
As flowers that up my trellis clamber.  
Upon one silky side behold,  
Embroidered neat, some blooming roses,  
While on the other, flecked with gold,  
A bright-winged butterfly reposes.  
And though 'tis but a trifle, yet  
A something sweet upon it lingers;  
'Tis neither "rose" nor "mignonette,"  
But the faint touch of fairy fingers!

Of the English versifiers whose productions fill the five other volumes under review, the only one who deserves a welcome is Mr. Henry Sewell Stokes. His muse is, indeed, somewhat old-fashioned, for no later inspiration than that of Scott or Gray can be found in his "Rhymes from Cornwall"; but his loosely-flowing verse tells the good old stories of his county with strength and spirit, and his "Plaint of Morwenstow" is one of the noblest elegies of recent years. More celebrated poets than Mr. Stokes might have been proud to write so simple and grand a tribute to the memory of Robert Stephen Hawker.

Little or nothing to any useful purpose can be said of the rest. *Midas* is a sad instance of well-meaning and strenuous labour in vain; *Glimpses "beyond the Veil"* contains "effusions" now happily seldom to be met with out of the Poet's Corner of some provincial paper; *The Log o' the "Norseman"* is a weak and silly imitation of *Childe Harold*; and though *A Heart's Life*; *Sarpedon*; and other Poems deserve no little ridicule and contempt, they are not readable enough to do any harm.

## A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.\*

TO write good verse for children where children are the only readers written for is no easy feat; to write such children's verse as may delight adults also is more difficult still. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, as much of his prose work has shown, is more than commonly well equipped with the qualities which make for success in either of these endeavours; yet we cannot say that in the volume before us he has been entirely successful. That simplicity of diction which is essential to such writing he has nearly always at command; the "force of statement"—we can find no less prosaic phrase to describe what we mean—which is characteristic of so much children's talk when it is at once intelligent and unaffected, in this also he is not wanting. Again, he has a quick and vivid fancy, with much power of picturesque description, and he can be humorous and tender, not only by turns, which is common enough, but at the same time. Nor can he be said to have neglected or ineptly used the various gifts which he possesses. In this volume there is an abundance of graceful fancy, much of it admirably expressed. Some of its lyrics would undoubtedly delight any child old enough to take delight in such things at all; while others, again, will undoubtedly be read with pleasure by its elders. What we look for, however, in a book of this sort, though perhaps it is putting our requirements too high, is the combination of the two kinds of attraction in the same pieces. The highest point attainable in writing of this description is only attained when what may be called the surface-motive of the lyric or the prose-story is sufficient in itself to charm the child, while the adult sense of humour can enjoy the undercurrent of thought or meaning with a relish proportioned to the completeness of its concealment from the younger reader. This point, however, is rarely attained in Mr. Stevenson's verse. He has added to his difficulties—if also to his opportunities—by writing throughout in the person of the child. It is the child's thoughts, fancies, pleasures, ambitions—in short, the child's record of impressions and criticism of life—as given from its own lips; and it is, of course, extremely hard to maintain the requisite tone of *naïveté* in these touches, which are meant to appeal to the appreciation of its elders. The infantile humour or pathos cannot help appearing at times to be too conscious of itself.

We regret that considerations of space forbid us to illustrate with any fulness the points we have noted, but they are of the kind which at once strike any critical reader. No such reader, we imagine, can fail to observe how this faint undertone of self-consciousness just mars the effect of such an otherwise exquisite little piece as "My Kingdom" (p. 59) or of the closing stanzas of the "Dumb Soldier" (p. 84). We get it in—

I called the little pool a sea,  
The little hills were big to me,  
For I am very small.

And we get it again in—

Alas! and as my home I neared,  
How very big my nurse appeared.

This is not the child, but the "grown-up" speaking through the

\* *A Child's Garden of Verses*. By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Longmans & Co. 1885.

mouth of the child. Sometimes, indeed, the youthful voice is made to talk "old" with humour and appropriateness, as—

The child that is not clean and neat,  
With lots of toys and things to eat,  
He is a naughty child, I'm sure—  
Or else his dear papa is poor.

It is easy to imagine a child picking up the idea conveyed in this last line from his elders, among whom the conversation has perhaps turned more often upon the worldly circumstances of "papas" in general than the philosophic mind would approve; and the sudden clash of the mystical and rationalistic theories of human unhappiness, without any suspicion of their incongruity, is delightfully fraught with the unconscious humour of childhood. "Foreign Children," again, is good, though the lines, "You must often as you trod, Have wearied not to be abroad," meaning, "You must often have felt bored at being abroad," is unfortunately ambiguous, and would equally apply to a foreign child languishing under exile in England, which, of course, as the whole context shows, is the very reverse of what Mr. Stevenson means. Perhaps the most successful of all the poems in maintaining the child-attitude throughout is "The Gardener," which, in order to illustrate that particular merit, we must of course quote entire:—

The gardener does not love to talk,  
He makes me keep the gravel walk,  
And when he puts his tools away  
He locks the door and takes the key.

Away behind the currant row,  
Where no one else but cook may go,  
Far in the plots I see him dig,  
Old and serious, brown and big.

He digs the flowers, green, red, and blue,  
Nor wishes to be spoken to;  
He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,  
And never seems to want to play.

Silly gardener! summer goes,  
And winter comes with pinching toes,  
When in the garden bare and brown  
You must lay your barrow down.

Well now, and while the summer stays,  
To profit by these garden days,  
O how much wiser you would be  
To play at Indian wars with me!

Even here, no doubt, a hypercritical taste may detect blemishes. "Far in the plots" might be altered with advantage; "nor wishes" is hardly a child's locution (surely "he'd rather not" is the natural phrase, and one wonders at its not having suggested itself to, or, if so it did, at its being rejected by, the author); and "to profit by these garden days" sounds, too, a little "old." But these are comparatively trifling points; and, as a whole, the little poem is a thoroughly humorous expression of childhood's contemptuous wonder at the follies of the adult. "My Treasures," the enumeration of the nuts, the whistle, the stone, and last and most precious—

The chisel both handle and blade,  
Which a man who was really a carpenter made—

is another thoroughly successful piece. But Mr. Stevenson would have done well to have rejected such trivialities as "Auntie's Skirts" and "Rain," which are unworthy of any but a very young child indeed. And generally we should be disposed to say that the book would have been the better for being shortened. Sixty-four flower-beds are too many for a *Child's Garden of Verses*; we can hardly help tiring of such often-repeated specimens of what from the nature of the case must be a very limited order of horticulture. We are unwilling, however, to take leave of a volume in many respects so attractive as this with words of fault-finding. Considered merely as verse, and without any reference to its special claim upon the young, one may linger with pleasure upon many of its pages. For picturesque touches of observation, and for spirited workmanship, the five stanzas of "Summer Sun" surpass anything perhaps in the volume; "Night and Day" has merit enough to atone almost for the barbarous rhyme ("valleys" and "allies") with which it concludes; and the "Envoys" at the end of the book are full of grace and pathos, that "To Minnie" in particular possessing indescribable tenderness and charm. On the whole, and despite the shortcomings we have felt obliged to notice, Mr. Stevenson's book deserves to have plenty of readers, both young and old.

## OLD HIGHWAYS IN CHINA.\*

BOOKS of travel in China have been plentiful of late, and it might fairly have been supposed that the "Old Highways" of the country were worn bare. But the work before us furnishes sound evidence that this is by no means the case. Others have travelled through the province of Shantung, have admired Tsi-nan Foo, and have visited the tombs of Confucius and Mencius, but none have covered the ground over which Mrs. Williamson takes us. Her forerunners have been of the opposite sex, many of them missionaries, others merchants, and a few pleasure-seekers. One and all have described the scenes they witnessed, the ceremonies they took part in, and the official life into which they were allowed glimpses. But Mrs. Williamson takes us off these beaten

\* *Old Highways in China*. By Isabelle Williamson. London: The Religious Tract Society.



tracks into the home life of the people and into the private apartments of the Zenanas.

It sounds paradoxical to say that Shantung is one of the oldest provinces in China, and yet so it is, for in it we find more distinct traces of the pre-Chinese aboriginal tribes than in any, at least, of the northern provinces of the Empire. The influence which these natives exercised on the Chinese settlers is still marked in certain customs which have no counterparts in the purely Chinese portions of the country. Several of these are mentioned by Mrs. Williamson, although she appears to be ignorant of the fact that they are peculiar to the aboriginal or mixed populations. At Lai-chow Foo she witnessed certain funeral ceremonies common to the district which have never been mentioned in any of the numerous published descriptions of Chinese burials, and which suggest at once the well-known passage in the Book of Ecclesiastes referring to the "bowl being broken" and the "cord loosed":—

As the coffin is brought out (she writes) all the chief mourners kneel in front of the hearth, the eldest male relative holding in his hands a very large bowl. This bowl contains the (burnt) ashes of all the dead man's private letters, and all personal things that he has not put into the hands of his secretary. . . . Just as the coffin is put into the bier this bowl is broken to atoms by the man who holds it. . . . At the same time an attendant woman cuts through a double scarlet cord and says, "The cord is loosed." This is done only if his wife survives him.

For a parallel to another custom prevalent in Shantung we must go to some of the least civilized nations of the earth. The belief is common in many countries that a building is likely to be more securely established if some living thing is buried under the foundation. In Chinese fortune-telling manuals reference is made to this superstition, but the victims recommended are the inferior animals or insects. At Teh-chow and in the neighbourhood of Chefoo, however, Mrs. Williamson found that it was not unfrequently the habit to bury children alive under the foundations of houses and the piles of bridges. In one particular case within her knowledge where a bridge had been repeatedly swept away by a turbulent stream eight children were so sacrificed to appease the spirit of the river.

In most of the cities in the province there are considerable Mahomedan populations, whose doctrine of monotheism inclines them to fraternize with Europeans. The lady followers of the Prophet were very cordial to Mrs. Williamson, who noticed that the features of many of them differed entirely from those of the Chinese. Possibly the presence of so large an admixture of Mahomedans has made the task of proselytizing easier in Shantung than in other parts of China; but, at all events, the local Protestant missionaries claim to have on their register 2,800 converts to their faith. By the female relatives of these Christians Mrs. Williamson was received with open arms, and she draws several pleasing pictures from the domestic life of her friends. At Wei-hien she visited a lady, with whom, after discussing "railways, the falling of the Tay Bridge, and current news," she

adjourned to the apartments of the younger ladies, and had luncheon of confections, fruit, pastry, salad, and tea. Only the old Tai Tai (or lady) ate with me. The young wives and daughters ate afterwards. The divan on which we sat, and on which was placed a small dining-table, was covered with a magnificent wadded quilt. The centre-piece was yellow silk, with crimson brocade pattern, richly mixed with gold. . . . The opposite divan was covered with a quilt of greater beauty—white satin embroidered in pink and gold and green. . . . While at luncheon the whole household of women came in, and partook of melon seeds and sweetmeats. Some of the nieces of the old Tai Tai came in with the children. There were many very fine-looking women amongst them. . . . Just at sunset dinner was served. None but the old Tai Tai and I dined, although there was ample provision for the thirty or forty women and girls who sat round about the room, talking and amusing the little ones. . . . The viands were deliciously cooked, and as course after course was sent in I became quite bewildered. . . . The decorations on the various dishes were highly artistic. When dinner was ended, two beautifully lacquered basins were brought in, with hot water and a small napkin, which the lady wrung out and handed to me.

Mrs. Williamson writes naturally and with ease; she makes no attempt at "fine writing," but "only speaks right on" of the sights she saw and the people she met. Of these she has much that is interesting to say, and we have no hesitation in recommending her book to those who wish to read something new about an old subject.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

**M. GABRIEL SARRAZIN'S** *Poètes modernes de l'Angleterre* (1) is a book that one takes up with a good deal of interest, and puts down with a good deal of disappointment. There was certainly room for such a book; for Frenchmen in general know very little of modern English poetry. We once knew a Frenchman of very considerable literary knowledge who confused Southey and Shelley, and we suspect that he differed from most of his countrymen chiefly in the point that they would have known neither name, and therefore would have been safe from the chance of confusion. M. Sarrazin has read his subjects—Landor, Shelley, Keats, Mrs. Browning, Mr. D. G. Rossetti, and Mr. Swinburne—with apparent zeal, and certainly what is lacking in him is not fervour of appreciation. But it is appreciation which is by no means according to knowledge. In the first place, though questioning some of M. Taine's conclusions, he keeps the weary habit of tracing this and that to "la vieille race Anglo-Saxonne," "l'idée puritaine," and all the rest of it. When will

(1) *Poètes modernes de l'Angleterre*. Par Gabriel Sarrazin. Paris: Ollendorff.

some Frenchman of genius arise to sweep all this *fatras* of pseudo-science out of French criticism? Nor is M. Sarrazin at all happy in details. He has heard of, but he does not in the least appreciate, the deplorable technical insufficiency of Mrs. Browning, and though he mentions the absence in her of "le travail de toilette de la forme," he compares her in this respect to—whom does the reader think? To Shakespeare. Now Shakespeare and Mrs. Browning differ in many ways, no doubt, but hardly in any so much as in the fact that Shakespeare's technique, bold and sometimes careless as it may seem, is never slovenly, and that Mrs. Browning's, though often careful, is innately slipshod. Again, as his chief instance of Mr. Swinburne's rhythmical science M. Sarrazin quotes *Anactoria* (where the whole rhythmical peculiarity consists in nothing but exaggerated *enjambement* and a shower of tribrachs), instead of instancing the wonderful concerted music of such pieces as *The Triumph of Time* or the Prelude to *Songs before Sunrise*. But these are just the points where a foreigner is most likely to go wrong, and there are very likely English critics who have made just the same sort of mistakes about French poets.

M. de Mangienville has written an agreeable little book, seasoned with a large store of original documents concerning Claude, second daughter of Henri II. and Duchess of Lorraine (2). This princess died quite young, and she had neither the beauty nor the talent of her sister Marguerite, but she seems to have been one of the most amiable of her remarkable family, and beyond comparison the most blameless.

The colonial activity of France is being stimulated or accompanied by a shower of geographico-political pamphlets, of which we have two before us (3). That on the Congo is an attack on the International Association and a vehement demand for the preservation and extension of M. de Brazza's acquisitions. In M. Burdo's pamphlet the enemy is poor England, who, it seems, through Dr. Kirk, subeizizes and abets the wicked negro robber chief Mirambo, tyrannizes over the good Arabs of Central Africa, and generally behaves fiendishly after her kind. There is perhaps no greater tribute to the wisdom and valour of our fathers than that the folly and cowardice of their sons have not yet obliterated this idea of a maleficent but powerful and prudent England from Continental minds.

Although Paris is not quite the absolute arbiter of dress that it once was, such a book as *L'art de la toilette* (4) would hardly be possible elsewhere. It has the portly shape, the lavish margins, the fine print, the careful illustration of a choice edition of a literary masterpiece. As for the matter, it is little, if at all, above the usual newspaper fashion article. It abounds in propositions (such as this:—"Le vernis est impossible par les jours de grande chaleur") like those which drove Mr. Carlyle to fury in *Pelham*, and it has passages half unconsciously burlesquing the sublime and poetical, such as:—"Si la femme est la réalité, lui [le corset] est la promesse; si elle est le poème, il en est le doux écorce, mystérieuse reliure du livre le plus divin."

M. Vuitry's useful monograph on the financial difficulties of France in the first quarter of the eighteenth century (5) treats a complicated subject of the greatest indirect historical importance with knowledge and clearness.

New periodicals appear and disappear in Paris like foam balls on a river, but one of the latest literary apparitions, the *Revue contemporaine* (6), deserves notice and recommendation. Dantists, we believe, hold that it has found a mares'-nest in "two unpublished cantos of the *Inferno*." But M. Leconte de Lisle and M. Théodore de Banville have given it verse, and MM. Hennequin, de Pressensé, Forgues, and others prose of great merit.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**NOTHING** could be more opportune than the appearance of Mr. Francis Hitchman's edition of *The Runnymede Letters* (Bentley & Son). These vivacious and sarcastic epistles abound in passages that may be applied to the present political situation with striking truth. They are among the few political writings whose interest has survived the objects they were designed to further, and whose force is still vital and stimulating. Even if their ascription to Lord Beaconsfield was not universal, they should command general attention just now. They are not of the ephemeral class of polemical writings, the work of smart partisan or shrewd politician, which lapse into merited oblivion after the brief service of the hour. They have the prophetic quality, the insight, and the sagacity of the statesman whose hand may be clearly traced in every page. In the Dedication to Sir Robert Peel there is a passage curiously applicable to recent events:—"Scarcely a hired writer would have the front at this day to pretend that a difference of opinion between the two Houses of Parliament is a collision between the Peers and the People. That phrase 'the People' is a little better comprehended now than it used to be; it will not serve for the stalking-horse of faction as it did." Again, in the second letter to Lord Melbourne

(2) *Claude de France, Duchesse de Lorraine*. Par M. R. de Mangienville. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *La Congo français*. Par J. L. Dutheil de Rhins. *Les Arabes dans l'Afrique centrale*. Par A. Burdo. Paris: Dentu.

(4) *L'art de la toilette*. Par Violette. Paris: Dentu.

(5) *Le désordre des finances et les excès de la spéculation à la fin du règne de Louis XIV.* Par A. Vuitry. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(6) *La Revue contemporaine* (I. II.) Paris: Bureau de la Revue.

we read:—"The House of Lords, decried for its ignorance and insufficiency by adventurers without talents and without education, has vindicated its claims to the respect of the country for its ability and its knowledge." This was written of the action of the Peers in rejecting the measures of a Government that had allied itself with the Repealers. Of Irish discontent a characteristic remedy is advocated in the bitter letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Spring Rice):—"Then 'Ireland must be tranquillized.' So I think. Feed the poor, hang the agitators. That will do it. But that's not your way. It is the destruction of the English and Protestant interest that is the Whig specific for Irish tranquillity." Mr. Hitchman's annotations supply all necessary explanation in an agreeable style and enhance the utility of an excellent and timely reprint.

"The young Eudoxia thought the village of Harmony the most simply dignified place she had ever been in, in all her life, as she drove up toward the Academe on a splendid morning in July." There is something touching in this ingenuous tribute of the young Eudoxia as unfolded in *Philosophia Quæstor: or, Days in Concord* (Boston: D. Lothrop). It is not strange that the enthusiastic young lady who thirsts for philosophy in the school of Concord should be stirred by the venerable associations of the place. Mrs. Anagnos has a becoming reverence for Concord and its philosophy. Not only is the sad and earnest Eudoxia eager in the cult of the great and good Emerson, but the Concordian professors and pupils combine with Nature herself in lofty hymn and solemn orison to glorify the American classic. "Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Græci." Let Athens yield to Concord. Very beautiful is the devotion of Mrs. Anagnos and obviously sincere the spirit of the book, though a little exalted. The persons introduced in her rhapsody will be recognized through their thin disguise by all true Emersonians, even to the spirited Alacer who in full philosophical conclave "arose to antidote the absurd onslaught made by Matthew Arnold since last the philosophers had met together."

*The Church Handy Dictionary* (Skeffington) is a useful compilation, designed for laymen rather than the clergy, who, notwithstanding the editor's expressed aims, should be sufficiently equipped not to need its assistance.

*Darkness and Dawn* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is a somewhat frenzied attack on the "double-diddling called 'buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest markets,' otherwise paying the producer less than you might and charging the consumer more than you ought." This venerable custom and its consequence, trade competition, are charged with all the social iniquities of the day. The author of this plea for State Communism injures his cause by the insobriety of his language. Among other things, he asserts that "what is done by the State is always better than what is done by the profit-mongering individual," and cites the Post Office Department in proof of this (p. 72). The superior celerity and cheapness of the railway service in the carriage of parcels seems unknown to the author. For the rest, the book is visionary and tedious.

Mr. Robert Damon's *Geology of Weymouth, &c.* (Stanford) is a well-illustrated and admirable handbook, based on the most recent surveys and authorities. The geology of the Dorsetshire coast from Swanage to Abbotsbury is treated with great fulness and in excellent style. The book is a sound and attractive guide in which the amateur may trust, as well as a genuine scientific compendium.

Mr. Alan Bagot's *Engineering for Estates* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is written in the practical spirit not always characteristic of experts. Owners of estates, farmers, agents, and others concerned may derive much useful information affecting the management of land from Mr. Bagot's work. The problems of drainage and surveying are dealt with clearly and effectively.

Most metaphysical treatises move the conscientious reader to a *naïf* wonderment at the poverty of language and an abashed sense of imperfect vision. *The Ethics of Reason*, by Scotus Novantius (Williams & Norgate), is marred by the author's indulgence in repetition, and his iteration, so far from clearing the fields of metaphysics, tends rather to fresh incumbrance. It is true, as the author says of Kant, "the prolixity of a great man is no excuse, however, for wholly misunderstanding him"; yet we must also agree with him that "Had Kant written only one-third of what he has written on the subject of Ethics, his position would have been clearer to others at least, if not to himself." This excellent criticism may be applied to the little treatise of Scotus Novantius.

Butler's *Hudibras* is the newest addition to Morley's Universal Library (Routledge). It is prefaced by an introduction by the editor that supplies all needful information in a brief space, and is unaccompanied by the notes which in old editions were entertaining rather than ornamental or useful. The new and cheap edition of *Tommy Upmore* (Sampson Low) introduces Mr. Blackmore's strange essay in the romance of politics to the larger audience that sometimes reverses the verdict of the few.

The most recent addition to "Trübner's Simplified Grammars" is Hjalmar Edgren's *Compendious Sanskrit Grammar*, in which the author aims at giving "a concise, syncretical exposition of the structure of the language." Mr. W. Thornton Bullock's *Elementary Help-Notes on Latin parts of speech* (Relie Brothers) is a simple and sensible little aid to beginners. A pamphlet based on fifty years' experience of English classical education "by an old Wykehamist" (Winchester: Warren) is conservative in tone, as might be expected, but is also suggestive and thoughtful.

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 33 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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THE SEVENTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on Wednesday, April 23, 1885. The Right Hon. Viscount HARDINGE in the Chair.

The Institution is entirely supported by the voluntary donations and subscriptions of Artists and Patrons of the Fine Arts. Gentlemen's Tickets, 25s.; Ladies', 12s. 6s.; may be obtained of the Stewards, at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern, and of the Secretary, L. YOUNG, Esq., 25 Garrick Street, W.C.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—NOTICE TO ARTISTS.—The DAYS for RECEIVING WORKS of Painting, Architecture, and Engraving are Friday, Saturday, and Monday, March 27, 28, and 29, and for Sculpture, Tuesday, March 31. No works will, under any circumstances, be received after the specified dates. The Regulations for exhibiting may be obtained at the Royal Academy.

FRED. A. EATON, Secretary.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—At the Meeting on Wednesday, March 25, a Paper will be read by Mr. A. J. ELLIS on "THE MUSICAL SCALES of VARIOUS NATIONS." The Chair will be taken at 8 o'clock by Sir FREDERICK ABEL, D.C.L., C.B., F.R.S. Society's House, John Street, Adelphi, W.C. H. TRUENAM WOOD, Secretary.

THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—A SCHOLARSHIP, value £25, will be offered for competition to Students commencing their Medical Education in May 1885. The Examination will be in Classics, Mathematics, or Natural Science, and will commence on April 29. Full particulars may be obtained on application, addressed to the DEAN, or the RESIDENT MEDICAL OFFICER, at the Hospital.



**THE HIBBERT LECTURE, 1885.—A COURSE of SIX LECTURES** on "The Origin and Growth of Religion," as illustrated by the Influence of Paulism on Christianity, will be delivered in English by Professor PFLEIDERER, of the University of Berlin, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on the following days:—Monday, 19th, Wednesday, 20th, Monday, 22nd, Wednesday, 24th, Monday, 27th, and Wednesday, 29th April. Admission to the Course of Lectures will be by ticket, without payment. Persons desirous of attending the Lectures are requested to send their Names and Addresses to Messrs. WILLIAMS & NORGATE, 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C., not later than April 4, and as soon as possible after that date tickets will be issued to as many persons as the Hall will accommodate.

The same Course of Lectures will also be delivered by Professor PFLEIDERER at Oxford, in the New Examination Schools, at 4.30 P.M., on each of the following days:—Tuesday, 14th, Friday, 17th, Tuesday, 21st, Friday, 24th, and Tuesday, 28th April, and Friday, 1st May. Admission to the Oxford Course will be free, without ticket.

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The Second Term, 1885, will begin on THURSDAY, April 3. New boys will be received on the previous day by appointment, but boys may be admitted later in the term. This term is particularly suitable for the admission of young boys.

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The Proposals received for New Assurances amounted to £59,233. Of these 1,018 Policies were issued, assuring £318,085, and producing in New Premiums (after deduction being made for Re-assurances) the sum of £18,060.

Policies for £71,160 were either declined by the Directors or not completed.

The Claims for the year amounted to £191,941, being £312 less than the amount for 1883.

The income from all sources was £315,571, an increase of £5,300 upon the revenue for the previous year.

The total Funds of the Office on January 1, 1884, were £2,323,294. On December 31 last they amounted to £2,388,555; an increase of £65,261—showing the progressive character of the business of the Office.

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## PUBLIC DEBT OF NEW ZEALAND.—CONVERSION OF

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The Governor and Company of the Bank of England Give Notice that, on behalf of the agents appointed by the Governor of New Zealand in Council, under the New Zealand Consolidated Stock Act, 1877, the Amendment Act, 1881, and the Consolidated Stock Act, 1884 (Sir Francis Dillon Bell, K.C.M.G., and Sir Penrose Goodchild Juyon, K.C.M.G., C.B.), they are authorised to invite holders of the Debentures of the above loan to bring in their Debentures for conversion on the following terms, viz.:

For every one hundred pounds of such Debentures a new Debenture will be issued for the same amount, bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum for seven years, from April 15, 1885, to April 15, 1892, when it will be converted into £107 New Zealand Four per Cent. Consolidated Stock inscribed at the Bank of England, which will rank *pari passu* with the Four per Cent. Consolidated Stock already created and issued, and redeemable at *par* on November 1, 1892.

Applications for conversion will be received up to April 30 next, inclusive.

The interest upon the new Debentures will be payable by coupons in the same manner as upon the Consol Debentures—viz., January 15, April 15, July 15, and October 15, at the Bank of England, the first coupon being for the dividend due July 15 next.

Consol Debentures from which the coupon due April 15 next must be detached, may be deposited at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, for exchange on or after Wednesday next, the 11th inst. They must bear all coupons subsequent to that due April 15 next, and must be left three clear days for examination. Receipts will be given for the Debentures deposited, and the new Debentures will be issued in exchange as soon after as possible.

The usual Annual Drawing for Redemption of the Consols will take place on Tuesday, March 31 next; Debentures deposited before that date will not be affected by the drawing. Holders of Consol Debentures drawn for redemption, in respect of which no application for conversion has been made, will be allowed to receive, in exchange for each drawn Debenture, a new Debenture as above, upon payment of the sum of 24 per cent., provided application be made before April 15 next.

By the Act 40 and 41 Vict. ch. 59, the revenues of the Colony of New Zealand alone will be liable in respect of the stock and the dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom, and the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the stock or of the dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto.

Bank of England, March 6, 1885.

## FREEHOLD BUILDING GROUND.—CITY of LONDON.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, April 14, 1885, at half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Proposals for taking or BUILDING LEASES, for a term of eighty years, several Plots of very valuable FREEHOLD GROUND, situate in Adde Street, Falcon Street, and Bream's Buildings, Fetter Lane.

Further particulars, with conditions and printed forms of proposal, may be had on application at this Office, where Plans of the Ground may also be seen.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any proposal.

Persons making proposals must attend personally or by duly authorized agent on the above-mentioned day at half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, and the parties whose offers are accepted will be required to execute an agreement and bond at the same time.

Proposals must be endorsed on the outside "Tender for Ground, Adde Street," or otherwise, as the case may be, and be delivered in, addressed to the undersigned, before Twelve o'clock on the said day of Tuesday.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall.

March, 1885.

HENRY BLAKE, Principal Clerk.

## TO WOOD PAVIORS.—THE STREETS' COMMITTEE OF

the COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Friday, March 27, 1885, at Two o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for PAVING the CARRIAGEWAYS of Fleet Street and the Northern part of the Old Bailey with Wood, agreeably to a Specification to be seen at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners in the Guildhall.

Tenders are to be on the forms supplied at the said Office, to be sealed, addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tender for Wood Carriageway Paving," and be delivered at this Office before Two o'clock on the said day.

Parties making proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Two o'clock on the said day.

Security will be required for the due performance of the Contract.

The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall.

March 16, 1885.

HENRY BLAKE, Principal Clerk.

## ASPHALTE CARRIAGEWAY and FOOTWAY PAVEMENTS.—THE STREETS' COMMITTEE OF

the COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Friday, March 27, 1885, at Two o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for PAVING with ASPHALTE the CARRIAGEWAYS of Road Lane, Culm Street, Lily-Pot Lane, Old Change, Bartlett's Buildings (part of), and the footway on the East side of St. Martin-in-the-Grand, agreeably to specifications to be seen at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners in the Guildhall.

Tenders are to be on the forms supplied at the said Office, to be sealed, endorsed "Tender for Asphalt Carriageway (or Footway) Paving," (as the case may be), addressed to the undersigned, and delivered at this Office before Two o'clock on the said day.

Parties making proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Two o'clock on the said day.

Security will be required for the due performance of the Contract.

The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest or any Tender.

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